Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
NOVEMBER 1991

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

CHILD SEX

THE JUVENILE
PROSTITUTE BOOM

FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

As you can see, cruising with the Italians is far from plain sailing.

There's certainly plenty to fancy on board *Achille Lauro.*

From the moment you wake in your air-conditioned cabin, with its en-suite facilities, another day in paradise awaits.

After breakfast in bed, or in our restaurant, you're ready to savour the morning's activities.

These include our 'Walkathon,' yoga, deck quoits, shuffleboard, ping-pong, swimming in one of our two pools, volleyball or half-court tennis. While for the real fitness freaks, there's the gymnasium.

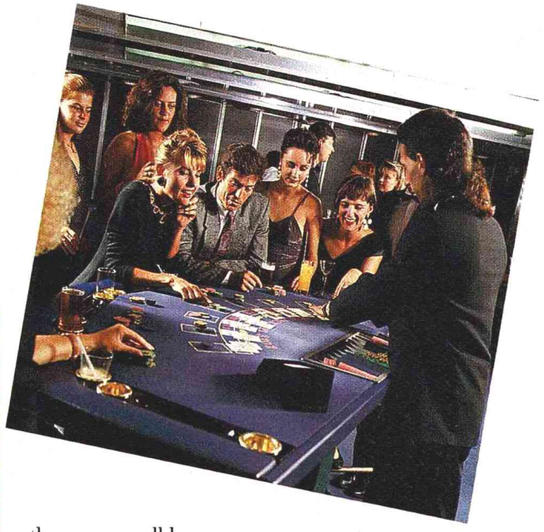
After lunch by the pool, or a delicious Italian spread in the restaurant, you can repeat the pattern of the morning or take in one of the latest movies in our cinema.

On the other hand, you may choose to do sweet nothing, it's your holiday after all.

As evening draws in, you change into something a little smarter (to suit the night to come).

Your first port of call may be one of our five bars to discover the barman's cocktail of the evening. It'll help whet your appetite for the treats our Neapolitan chefs have prepared for your enjoyment.

The night is still young, however. Our cabaret with world-class entertainers awaits. Or maybe it's fancy dress night, which can be a laugh in itself. Then there's the casino and the disco where you can bop till you drop in the wee small hours.



Our all-inclusive price for a seven night cruise starts from only $680. For that you enjoy our Italian paradise as well as those idyllic islands and ports of call, firmly anchored in the South Pacific, that are included in our cruise programme.

Just to give you one, wonderfully exotic example. We are the only cruise ship visiting Pentecost Island during the extraordinary season of the land diving ceremonies, which pre-date bungee jumping. Apparently sane men jump from towers 25 metres in the air with only vines tied to their ankles.

To get the full picture, pick up our far from plain brochure at your travel agent.

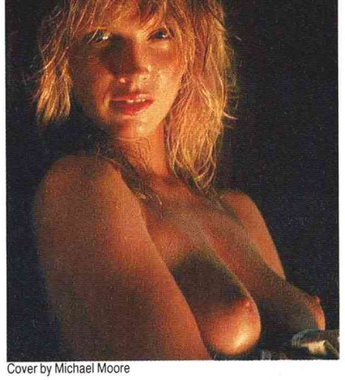
ACHILLE LAURO

THE FLOATING ITALIAN PARADISE

STARLAURO CRUISES

21A003126 A.C.N. 003 526 725 SLC3953

Australian
PENTHOUSE
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 12 No 11/November 1991 Black Label Edition

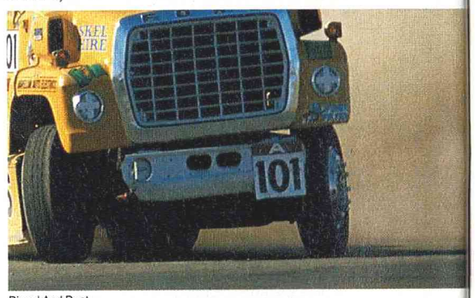

Cover by Michael Moore

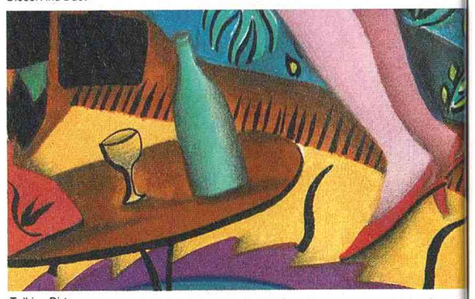
FEEDBACK	*Reader Opinion*		4
FORUM	*Correspondence*		7
SEX	*Article*	*Stephen Davis*	11
SPORT	*Article*	*Simon Lane*	14
WINE	*Article*	*Elisabeth King*	17
TRAVEL	*Article*	*David Moodie*	18
MONEY	*Comment*	*David Quicksilver*	21
STATE OF THE ART	*Service*	*Paul Burrows*	22
ON TOP OF IT	*Counsel*	*Dr Bob Montgomery*	25
CHILD'S PLAY	*Article*	*Barnao/Lipson*	26
MICHELLE	*Pictorial*	*Steve Easton*	32a
CELEBRITY SKINS	*Satire*	*Frants Kantor*	33
DIESEL AND DUST	*Article*	*Steve James*	34
BEATTA	*Pictorial*	*Denys Defrancesco*	40
TALKING DIRTY	*Fiction*	*John Newton*	50
PAULINE	*Pet Of The Month*	*Michael Moore*	55
SOLO MAN	*Profile*	*Roy Masters*	66
DANIELLE AND RANDY	*Pictorial*	*Suze Randall*	70
ADVISOR	*Counsel*		86
MARTIAL HEARTS	*Pictorial*	*Earl Miller*	88
WIN A RADO WATCH	*Competition*		94
JENNIFER	*Pictorial*	*Hank Londoner*	96a
BOBBIE	*Pictorial*	*Stephen Hicks*	98
SOUND	*Reviews*	*Jeremy Cook*	104
FILM	*Reviews*	*Trish Murphy*	106
TRAVELLING HEDONIST	*Comment*	*Al Goldstein*	108
MIRANDA	*Pictorial*	*Michael Moore*	110
THE RIGHT STUFF	*Penthouse* Products		116
LOOSE ENDS	*Service*	*C.J. Mackay*	126

Australian and New Zealand Editorial and Advertising Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile (02) 922 6284. Copyright © Universal Copyright Co. (1991). Portions reprinted by permission of Penthouse International Ltd., original copyright (1991). Penthouse, Pets, One-Key Logo, and Three-Key Logo are trademarks of Penthouse and are used by permission. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts or photo submissions. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655.

*Recommended price only

Child's Play

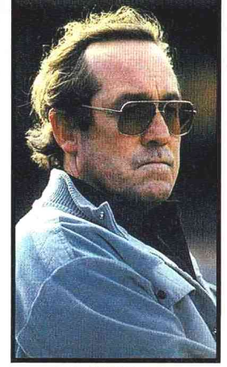

Diesel And Dust


Talking Dirty

Solo Man

NORM LIPSON

NIGEL BUCHANAN


ROY MASTERS

TONY BARNAO

KERRIE LEISHMAN

housecall

CHILD'S PLAY
Members of the Kings Cross Youth Team say they've got just two days to intercept underage kids before they're swallowed up by the club owners, the brothel owners and the streets. Once they've slipped through the net it's a quick path to degradation and oblivion. Norm Lipson and Tony Barnao pounded the mean streets to draw a picture of life on the jagged edge. Nigel Buchanan created the stark illustration on page 26.

DIESEL AND DUST
Truck racing is the wildest form of motor sport, and it's taking off in Australia. While the established petrolhead pursuits are running out of revs, afflicted by predictability and hard economic times, truck meetings are regularly pulling crowds in excess of 20,000 and organisers are struggling to find enough places on the starting grids to give everyone a run. Steve James, photographer, writer and truck racing aficionado, takes your backside trackside to amplify the roar of 1000 horses carting half a dozen tonnes of furious metal at astounding speeds. Turn to page 34.

TALKING DIRTY
"I want to learn the insults, the blasphemy, all the filthy words for all the filthy creeps. I want to talk dirty in Italian." What could she say? She would teach him and take his money, because after all, he was quite harmless. But why would anyone want to learn to swear in Italian? Turn to page 50 for a chilling piece of fiction from the cultivated pen of John Newton, illustrated by Kerrie Leishman.

SOLO MAN
Martin Vinnicombe, Australia's best-ever time trial cyclist now banned from amateur cycling for steroid abuse, is a man who personifies the cannibalistic ruthlessness of modern sportsmen. The man has a hypnotic intensity that scares the hell out of men and excites the sexuality of women. Sportswriter Roy Masters goes so far as to describe Vinnicombe as "the Dr Hannibal Lector of his sport." Find out why in Masters' uncompromising profile on page 66.

CHANGES OF HEART
Recent surveys suggest that monogamy is all but dead, and yet we're all denying anything has changed. Hypocrisy is rampant — so much so that while we might not be monogamous ourselves, we think that society at large is. Should monogamy be resurrected or allowed to rest in peace? Turn to Stephen Davis' thought-provoking article, illustrated by Drahos Zak, on page 11.

FEAR OF FLYING
Australians are among the best water ski jumpers in the world. Only six men have ever sailed 60 metres through the air, and three of them are Aussies. To do that, though, you've got to approach that skinny strip of steel and fibreglass at around 100 km/h, and things can go horribly wrong at that speed. Simon Lane explains all about the skiers' fear of flying on page 14. Darrin Braybrook contributed the photography.

NOVEMBER

EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL
Art Director: Tim Donnellan; *Senior Editors:* Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; *Copy Editor:* Trish Murphy; *Assistant Art Directors:* Greg Judd, Nikki Brady; *Production Controller:* Brett Fuller; *Motoring Editor:* Peter McKay; *Photographic Director:* Susan Daub; *Contributing Editors:* Paul R. Wilson, Jeremy Cook, Al Goldstein; *Typesetting:* Excel Imaging Pty Ltd.

ADVERTISING
Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; *National Sales Manager:* Sarah Bowing; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Cynthia Ragga; *Vic:* Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; *SA:* Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142, Fax: (08) 272 8302; *Qld:* Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6444 Fax: (07) 202 7133; *New Zealand:* David Meyer, Rugby Press Ltd, PO Box 100-243, North Shore Mail Centre, Auckland 10. Tel: (09) 443 0250. Fax: (09) 443 0249; *Japan:* Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 3666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ),

PUBLISHERS
Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Stephens Innocent, Columbia House, 69 Aldwych, London WC2B 4DU England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

ADVERTISING OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS
Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(US edition)
Bob Guccione *(Chairman and Chief Executive Officer);* Kathy Keeton *(Vice-Chairman);* David J. Myerson *(President and Chief Operating Officer);* Anthony J. Guccione *(Secretary-Treasurer);* William F. Marlieb *(President, Marketing & Adv. Sales); John Evans* (President/Foreign Editions).

EDITORIAL
Editor-in-Chief & Publisher: Bob Guccione; *Sr VP/Graphics Director:* Frank De Vino; *VP/Art Director Intl:* Joe Brooks; *Art Director:* Richard Bleiweiss; *Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Managing Editor:* Robert Sabat.

ADMINISTRATIVE
Sr VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; *Sr VP/Production Director:* John Evans; *Sr VP Associate Publisher:* Don Myrus; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Michael Stevens.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. *West Coast:* 6728 Eton Ave, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303, Tel. (818) 992-4777.

FOREIGN EDITIONS
France: Editions des Savanes, 65 Avenue des Champs-Elysees, 75008 Paris; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, RedMag Gesellschaft f. redakt. Leistungen mbH, Postfach 140460, D-8000 Munchen 5; *Greece:* Nautica Ltd, 66 Posidonos Ave, 17455 Alimos; *Holland:* European Publishing, 21 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; *Hong Kong:* Yongder Hall Ltd, 661 King's Rd, Quarry Bay; *Mexico:* Corporacion Editorial s.a. de C.V., Lucio Blanco 435, Col. San Juan, Tlihuaca DF 02400; *South Africa:* Essay Media (Pty) Ltd., PO Box 52234, Saxonwold 2132; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera SA, Calle Rocafort 104, 08015 Barcelona; *UK:* Sightline Publications Ltd, PO Box 381, Mill Harbour, London e14 9TW.

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of *Australian Penthouse*. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, *Australian Penthouse*, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

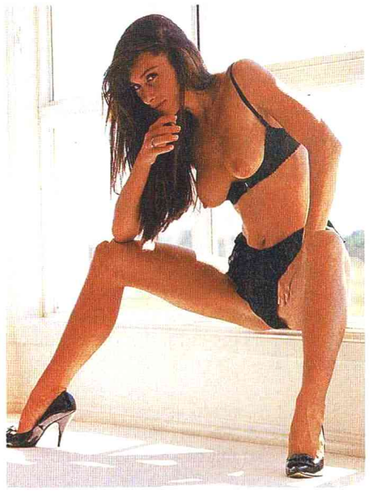
feedback

Fantastic ankles

Three cheers to your September Pet Of The Month, Jody Boyce. She's just gorgeous, and has the best ankles ever to come out of Kiwi Land. Is she going to stay in Australia? We hope so, and we also hope to see more of her in *Penthouse*.

We also had a good laugh at the dick story — A Guide To Penis Names. My wife (who loves your mag) thinks you should have a similar story on vagina names. Any offers? — *Spitting Dog and Hissing Cat, Kogarah, NSW*

We'll consider it. — Ed



Jody Boyce — ankles to die for

Mixed nationalities

This is the first time I am writing to your Feedback section and I feel nervous in doing so.

I must compliment your fortitude in the couples pictorial that was placed in the June 1991 edition. Marvellous! The remaining pictures of the *Penthouse* beauties just added the final touches to a sizzling edition.

Just to add, I even purchased the *Girls Of Penthouse — Blondes Edition* and found it most pleasing to the eye (not to mention the groin). I would like, in closing, to recommend that future editions of both magazines include black and Asian women within your pictorials. Maybe future editions of Black Label and *Girls Of Penthouse* will show a variety of both nationalities. — *F. Frontier, Albert Park, Vic*

Tani Ruckle

I hear on the grapevine an article/pictorial is in the pipeline concerning athlete Tani Ruckle. Or maybe it was a recent edition that I missed. I have admired her from afar since she first arrived on the scene overweight and "unco" (uncoordinated), as she puts it. I would appreciate some feedback on the subject. — *Ray Monks, Combienbar, Vic*

An article on Tani Ruckle will be appearing in December Australian Penthouse. — Ed

Keeping it up

We just had to write in to tell you that your April Pet, Susie Underwood, is the absolute tops. She is one of the most attractive, erotic, sensual, sexy, cock-hardening, nipple-stiffening girls ever to grace your pages.

Without doubt you have your 1991 Pet Of The Year. Her legs, breasts, arse, belly, face, eyes, hair, hands, etc are just perfect. Please, please can we have more of her? You could put her on the centrefold every month for the rest of the year and we wouldn't complain.

Well done, team. With girls like Susie you keep it up in more ways than one. — *John and Karen Mason, Lake Wanaka, NZ*

Alien Nation

Your article on immigration scams was good, but it could have gone further. Everybody knows somebody who came in the "back door." These people are often not refugees or whatever. They are queue-jumpers and they steal the places that people doing things the right way might otherwise have had. What sort of system is it that sees the dishonest people right, while the honest ones are left out in the cold?

Something should be done. At least the plug's been put into the business immigration system, which was being blatantly abused by anybody with money (no matter how they got it). Now the pollies need to tackle the rest of it. It's irresponsible of the government to allow in foreigners who are criminals, and who at once start bludging off dinkum Aussies (most of whom are struggling at the moment, anyway). — *Name and address withheld*

Shark hunter

I'm writing to you about the story Great White Hunter published in July *Penthouse*. I think the issue of human safety is far more important than the priorities of conservationists.

The great white and tiger shark are, to anybody who knows the ocean, carnivores that hunt on instinct. Are the film crews training up the sharks' instinct? We hope not. I grew up in Adelaide and travelled frequently with my father on deep-sea fishing runs. When I was 13 (in 1979) I was walking along a deserted beach at Ardrossan (York Peninsula) and found parts of a dismembered body — the person had been killed by a great white shark.

The local Parks and Wildlife soon covered up the death, saying that "injuries occurred from the person surfing on a reef." My father and one of his fishing pals knew it was otherwise. Would a politician want himself or his son to see a shark-ravaged body with the fear in the man's eyes that I experienced? The seas around the York Peninsula, Great Aussie Bight and Kangaroo Island are infested with great whites.

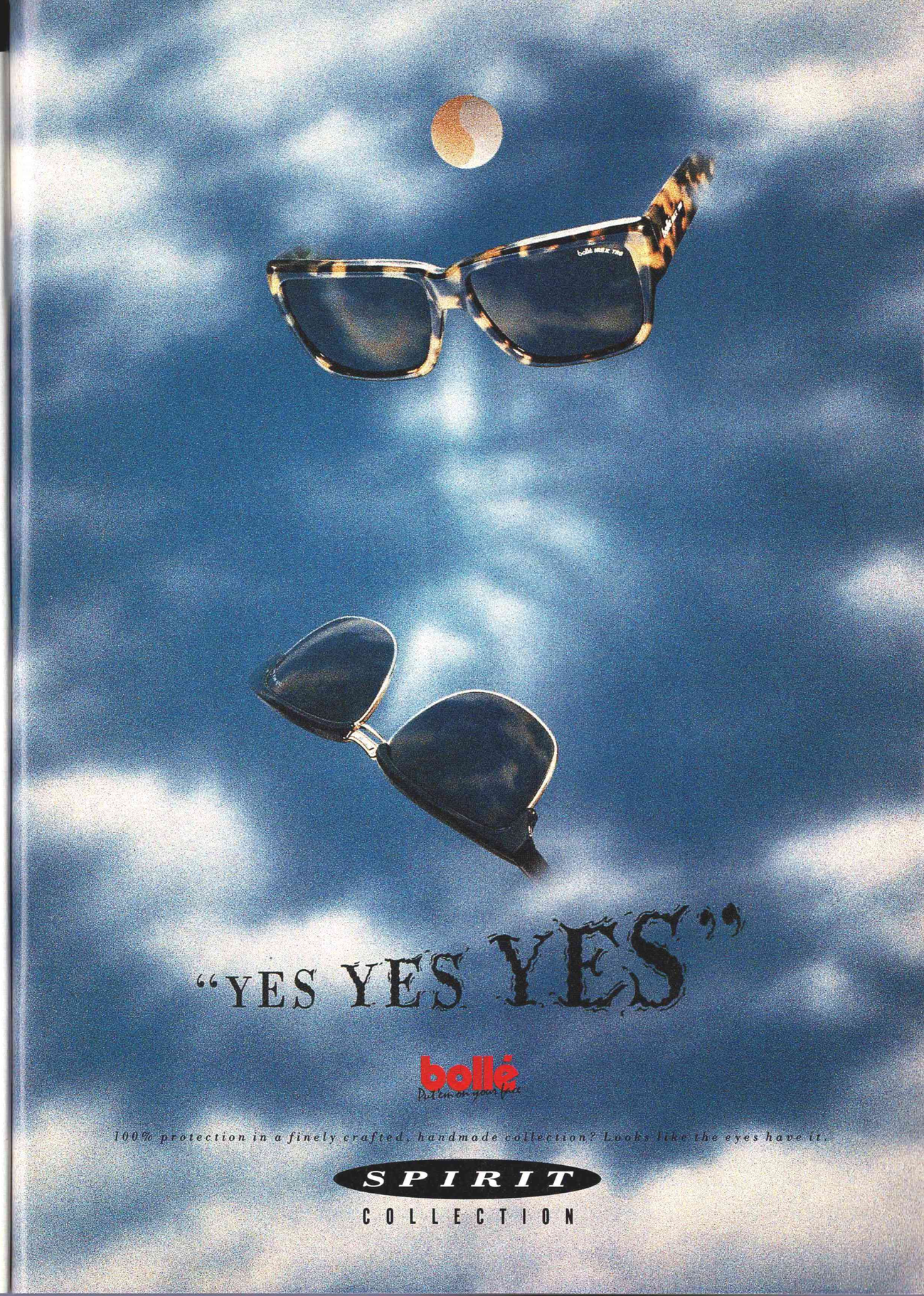
I have been living at Runaway Bay on the Gold Coast for the past 11 years and have had many experiences, but only with small sharks. I was actually trying to start a canal shark hunt to keep the sharks out of the canals. They can only feed on fish for so long before they start on the kids, the boaties, etc.

No-one wants to see killing, but when it comes down to human life, what do we do? Tag the carnivorous sharks to see where and when they turn up? — *D.J. Mills, Darra, Qld*

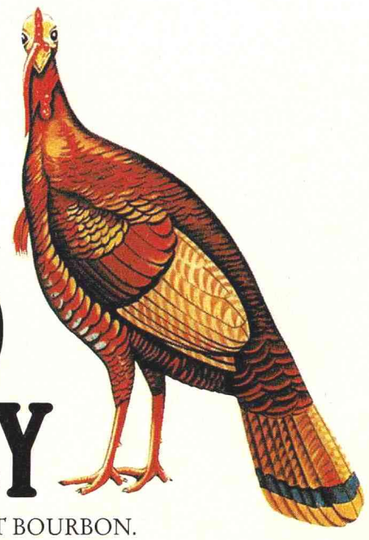
The enemy within

John Birmingham's article, The Enemy Within (August *Penthouse*), shows the underbelly of our so-called democratic system. There's plenty of crime about without the cops having to hassle dope smokers who are, by and large, harmless. If a euphoric herb is a threat to the state, then isn't alcohol the same?

Most people are responsible enough to know how to handle their lives and habits. — *Name and address withheld*


"YES YES YES"
bollé
Put it on your face
100% protection in a finely crafted, handmade collection? Looks like the eyes have it.
SPIRIT
COLLECTION

Join the flight to quality.

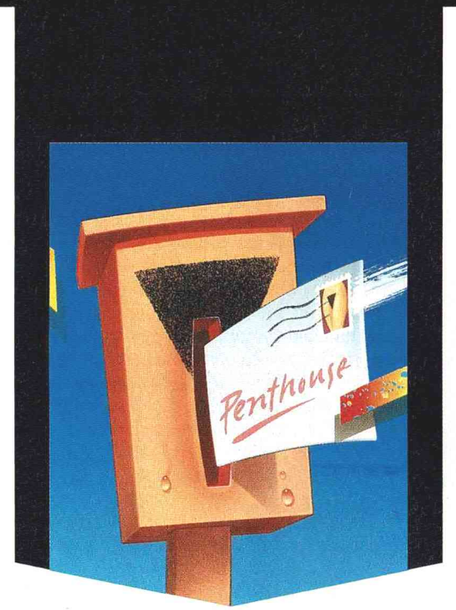


WILD TURKEY

WILD TURKEY. AMERICA'S FINEST BOURBON.

APB 14666-A PER 0203A

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Australian Penthouse*. Send to *Penthouse* Forum, P O Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



forum

Hydraulic Heaven

I was recently posted by the Department of Agriculture to a small, rural WA town, a place totally devoid of women who have reached puberty and where the sheep soon start to look very nice indeed. Not a good start to the rest of my sex life, I thought. I, along with every other unmarried male in town, soon qualified for the local BAV club — the Born Again Virgins — and I became sure that Lucy The Lamb was seductively winking at me every time I cast my eyes over her luscious form. Considering all the sex that I had at uni for the five previous years, life would have been pretty bleak without Ms Palmer.

That was until the day that I found myself doing some lupin seeding trials on a local farm. I was deep in the usual tractor-driving mode of going around and around in ever decreasing circles until you disappear up your own arsehole, contemplating driving down to Perth for the weekend in an attempt to resign from the BAV club, when a ute ploughed to a halt right alongside and the answer to my prayers climbed out — and suddenly the situation was so corny that I actually started laughing out loud. There stood the most bodacious-looking farmer's daughter that I had ever laid eyes on, and she was just the way I like 'em — light and thin. There's nothing better than being able to pick up a woman and drop her on your dick, and I needed some pork on the end of my fork.

As soon as the tractor shuddered to a halt she was up the steps and into the cab to get out of the light rain that was falling. Her long auburn hair fairly glistened under a light sheen of rain, and her eyes danced at me as she introduced herself as Ali and perched on a ledge on one side of the cab. I could feel my blood pressure starting to rise as she placed her hand on my shoulder to balance herself, her long tapering fingers just touching my neck for one brief and tantalising moment.

It turned out that she was studying Agriculture at uni like I had and was interested in the work that I was doing here. It also turned out that she had seen me at footy practice the night before and what a coincidence it was that here I was in their front paddock.

I was glad that she had seen me at training in my best form. I am one of the big men in the Three Springs Bombers, and thankfully after some hard farm work my student gut roll had moved up into my arms and shoulders or down into my legs so that I look pretty good in tight footy shorts and a sleeveless jumper, dripping sweat and going for the high marks. At least, she thought so. None of the guys that I landed on thought like that.

Now an explanation for all you city-folk is in order, as tractors might look right large on the outside, but the cabs are mighty small — definitely one-person jobs. Lots of body contact was inevitable as we bounced across the paddock. As I made the final rounds of the paddock and talked about the seeding trial, I couldn't help noticing (from a distance of under a foot) how flushed she was getting, how her lithe body was squirming and panting, her chest heaving and with every breath her erect nipples straining at the tight fabric of her shirt. I tried to steer a straight course but ended up wandering all over the paddock as my eyes wandered all over her beautiful, taut body, perched so tantalisingly by my side. I couldn't get over the fact that a few times she even closed her eyes and bit her lip, obviously trying to hold something in. I found out what it was when I went to lift the air seeder out of the ground. The hydraulic levers were somewhere under the voluminous skirt that she was wearing, and to get at them she ended up needing to hop rather hesitantly into my lap. That and the previous skin contact nearly gave me a broken dick as she landed on one very erect and painfully straining member.

My first thought when I touched the vibrating hydraulic lever was that a pipe had blown and squirted fluid into the cab, covering the various levers. Hydraulic fluid has a very strong smell, but nothing like the lovely one that now coated my fingers. Sexually inactive I might have been for the past five months, but you never forget the smell of pussy. I actually jumped with the shock of recognising the smell and realising just why Ali had been squirming on that vibrating knob, and this brought out the greatest blush I have ever seen. But with my face only inches from hers, I just couldn't resist sucking her cunt juices off my fingers, slowly and one at a time. By the time I got to my little finger I was grinning like a crazed man, and having gotten over her embarrassment, so was she. As we tentatively started our first kiss, I pointed the tractor at distant clump of trees, tearing up all the work that I had just done, with Ali in my lap, steering by moving her bum this way or that, quickly being sucked deeper and deeper into a long and passionate kiss, eyes wide open, though, to avoid putting $200,000 worth of gear into a drain, dick straining hard against Levi and brain in a frenzied overdrive at the impending breaking of the drought, so long as her Dad didn't appear with a shotgun.

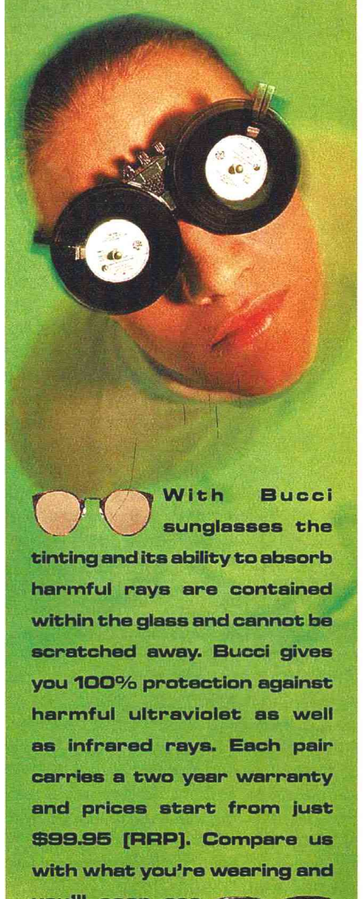
As soon as we bumped to a stop in the cover of the trees I hefted her off my bursting cock and on to the flat steering wheel. She wrapped her legs around my waist and as my hands disappeared up her shirt, hers sought to release my iron rod of passion. Her hands shook as she wrapped her delicate but experienced fingers around its impressive girth and gave it a tentative squeeze just below the mighty purple head. She smiled and said that she

THE ULTIMATE

IN EYE PROTECTION

THAT WON'T

SCRATCH AWAY.



With Bucci sunglasses the tinting and its ability to absorb harmful rays are contained within the glass and cannot be scratched away. Bucci gives you 100% protection against harmful ultraviolet as well as infrared rays. Each pair carries a two year warranty and prices start from just $99.95 [RRP]. Compare us with what you're wearing and you'll soon see the difference.

BUCCI

SUNGLASSES

The ultimate in eye protection

Available at leading optical outlets.
General Vision Pty Ltd
Telephone (08) 388 2974
Facsimile (08) 381 5995

A.C.N. 009 359 791 BRAND GENV 0001D

forum

had never met such righteous meat before. This had me leaping up and down in the driver's seat like a cat glued to a BBQ hotplate. Pre-come started oozing out of the slit and she scraped her fingers up the side to catch it all, forming a pearl necklace of jism between her fingers, licking it off them with the starved satisfaction of a woman who knows how to give head.

She wore no bra, and as her hands ran up and down my glistening shaft, mine were immediately cupping breasts of just the perfect size — a complete handful, no more, no less; just a light brush of each nipple was enough to elicit a loud moan of pleasure from her mouth into mine. As she peeled off her shirt my mouth went first to one nipple and then the other. At that she clutched my head hard to her chest and practically screamed with joy. I lowered the pneumatic seat and leant her back on the wheel, propping her legs up on my shoulders. Her skirt rucked up to reveal a pantiless and almost hairless pussy, her lips already swollen and richly red with a smear of juice between them. Her clitoris was fully swollen and peeking out from under its hood. I pulled her hips towards my lips and went for it. No messing around with trying to tease her into excitement — she was already over the top in that department. I was careful to avoid her bulging clit and instead concentrated on licking and lightly sucking those tender lips, working my tongue in and out of her steaming love canal like a mighty throbbing piston. Now she really started to get wet, and I could feel juice running out of her mound and down my chin and neck. Ali was bucking up and down on my shoulders, alternatively crying out my name and pulling out my hair as I lapped at her lips whilst she ground her clit into my nose. By her third orgasm, tears of pleasure were running freely down her face and she could take no more. Half suffocated and drowned, neither could I.

Ali slid smoothly off the steering wheel and straight on to my dribbling rod, sinking eight inches right in to the hilt in one flowing motion. She reached up to grasp the handles on the ceiling and then proceeded to ride me with the desperation of someone drowning. With five months' worth of deposits in my personal sperm bank, I could have taught her a few things about desperation, and so it took all of about 30 seconds to make my first withdrawal. As I gushed my load into her, she squeezed my cock for all it was worth with her agile cunt muscles and milked me until I could take no more and was gasping for her to stop.

I was so hot and horny that staying hard was no problem, but I was too sensitive to go to work for a while, so I coaxed her into holding still and masturbating, leaning back so that I could see her working on her clitoris whilst I gently flicked her nipples and pumped the size of my cock up and down. Each time it expanded suddenly inside her she squealed with ecstasy as my manhood throbbed inside her love glove, its blue veins bulging as little spurts of come dribbled out with each burst whilst I slowly worked a finger around her arsehole, occasionally slipping it in just a bit until she had loosened up enough to take my "ring" finger in to the hilt. Once started, there was no holding back, and her orgasm was so ferocious that even with her holding still and gripping my cock hard, her juice still ran down my cock to coat my balls so that they were as slick and shiny as poolballs in a puddle of beer.

After that, red and panting, she stood up and turned around, bending forward over the steering wheel and offering herself to me from behind. Now I love screwing pussy from behind as I think that the feeling is much better. To my surprise she guided my cock to her wet arsehole and pushed back against it so that for the first time I watched her ring slowly expand to accommodate the throbbing tip of my cock, and then it suddenly reached the point of no return and just popped in to her velvet hole. With that she groaned out aloud and began to push against me, forcing my pole all the way inside and then fucking my cock harder than I thought possible. She braced herself against the windscreen with one hand and with the other began to rub her clit again. When I grabbed her hips she took one of her hands and fed two of my fingers into her cunt as she again rubbed her clit.

With the engine still running, the long gear lever was rubbing against the back of my hand that was rapidly fingering her pussy. I pulled my fingers out and lined her up with the head of the gear stick and she eagerly slipped forward on to it. By now she was almost beyond speech and again the tears of pleasure started flowing down her face as her orgasm broke. I could feel the throbbing knob of the stick on my cock as both moved in and out of her. With each upstroke my come was sucked out of her cunt and ran down the shaft or tangled in my soaked and matted ball hair. Slowly the amazingly intense feeling of my cock deep in her tight arse being massaged up and down by this vibrating tool was too much and again I was endlessly spurting come inside her.

Even though I was starting to soften up, Ali didn't relent and drove against both me and the machine until she came again. Momentarily satisfied, she sat in my lap, the gear stick slurping as it slid out of her, squeezing my cock with her sphincter muscles and leaning back to give me a deep and wet kiss as my come ran out of both her holes and over my fingers. Outside the foggy windows the sun had set, and we decided it was time to head for the

Continued on page 120

"This next little tune is one I'm sure none of you will remember . . ."

Pioneer's latest car stereos have a detachable front face that fits safely in your pocket.

So they sound good to anyone but a thief.

PIONEER
The Art of Entertainment

Ball PIO 0039

CHANGES OF HEART

Recent surveys in the US suggest that 60 percent of all married men and 40 percent of all married women have had or are having an extramarital affair. But since the 60 percent of men who are fooling around can't *all* be married to the 40 percent of women who are fooling around, it means that the actual percentage of non-monogamous marriages must exceed 80 percent, and may even be as high as 90-95 percent.

With statistics like these, there can be no question that monogamy is dying. Over the past few decades the wheeze has degenerated to a death rattle, and yet we're all denying that anything has changed. We may not be monogamous ourselves, but we think that society at large is monogamous, because no-one has told us any different. Hypocrisy is rampant and monogamy is lying in its grave. Should it be resurrected or allowed to rest in peace?

Most dictionaries now define monogamy as "the custom of being married to only one person at a time." However, just 50 years ago, monogamy meant "the principle or practice of single marriage", and being monogamous meant "having only one spouse." In other words, when you married it was for life with the same person. But with our changing social practices we have changed the definition of the word. How many more redefinitions will we impose before we stop kidding ourselves and face the fact that monogamy is dysfunctional?

Objectively, the social practice of monogamy might be viewed as an addiction, no different from alcoholism. All the symptoms of an addiction are present, from increasing need to compulsive and irrational behavior to withdrawal phenomena. In recent years we have realised the dangers of addictive drinking, smoking, eating, etc. The time has come to truthfully examine the basis, consequences, and perils of enforced monogamy.

The premises of monogamy include, among others, the following elements: fear, control, separation, denial, possessiveness, jealousy and judgement — all of which are recognised by modern psychology as "dysfunctional" attitudes and emotions.

Monogamy is dying, yet we're all denying that anything has changed

Fear, possessiveness and jealousy are based on a concept of scarcity — a feeling that there is not enough love to go round. If you're lucky enough to find a mate, you'd better do everything legally possible to prevent that mate from giving themselves to anyone else or there will be nothing left for you. Without monogamy, there is also the fear of loneliness, and the fear of sexually transmitted disease. Out of fear, we arrive at a number of judgements about sex, its rightness and wrongness, its morality.

Modern psychology, and an enormous amount of research into addiction, have identified a phenomenon known as "co-dependency", which simply means that we become dependent on someone else to provide our own self-worth and identity. It means that our unique personality is based on what another person says or does, not on what we ourselves believe. It means that we depend on someone

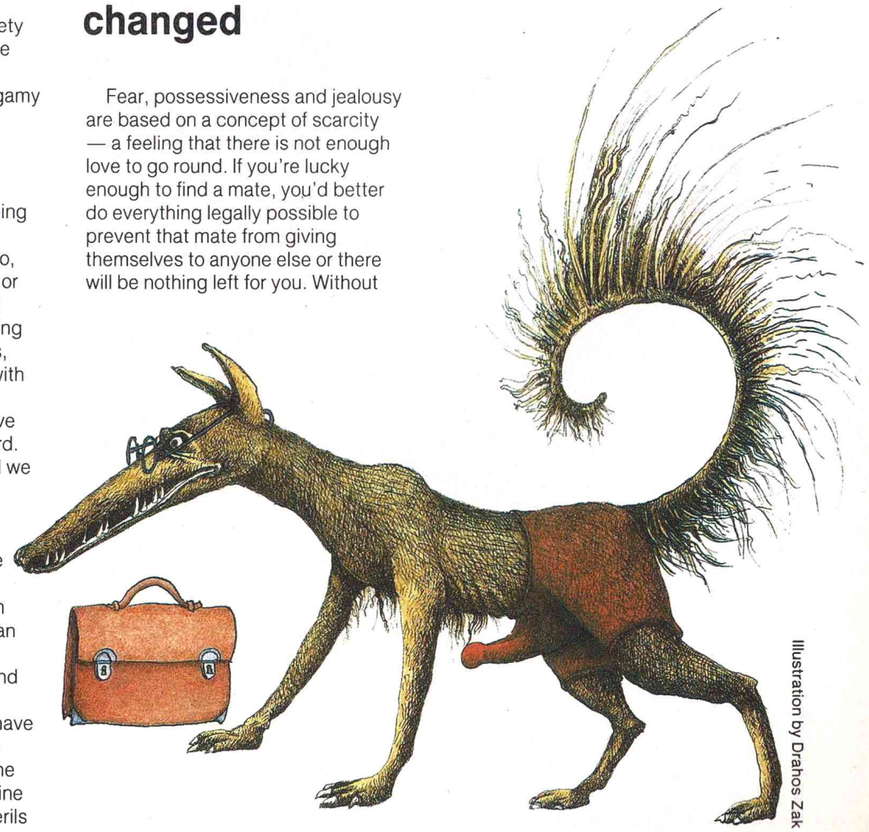


Illustration by Drahos Zak

else to love us because we cannot love ourselves.

Monogamy provides the perfect opportunity for a co-dependent to control their mate for their own protection — out of fear. It allows them to find a mate for life (supposedly) who will give them what they cannot give themselves. Monogamy keeps us co-dependent, and any discussion of withdrawing from this particular addiction excites, once again, fear.

There are those who claim they are choosing monogamy today for all the "right" reasons, and indeed, there may be many who are. But there's one sure way to discover whether monogamy is chosen from fear or preference. Whatever sexual preference you have yourself is perfect and true for you — and only you. In other words, you may choose a monogamous lifestyle if you wish, but if you have a need for your mate to be monogamous as well, your choice has become a compulsive, addictive response based on fear. Whatever your partner chooses is also perfect and true for them, for they must be as free as you are to choose whatever sexual expression they want.

We consider ourselves a very tolerant society. We have progressed to the point where we know better than to force our religious beliefs and political philosophies on others. We believe in freedom of religion, freedom of expression and of the press, and freedom in the pursuit of happiness, and we condemn those who presume to restrict our choices. But when it comes to freedom of sex, the picture changes. Society's attitudes may have broadened considerably over the last 30 years but sex, more than any other activity, remains bound up in a Gordonian knot of religious, legal and personal premises. So bound up is sex in these premises of sinfulness, guilt, illegality, etc, that it is a rare person indeed who questions why the most fundamental human drive of all is also the most socially complicated and restricted.

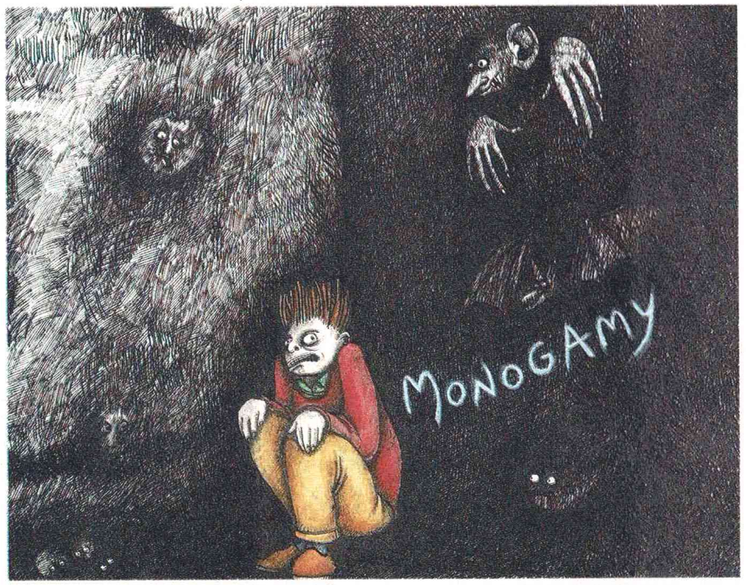


Illustration by Drahos Zak

If we were to strip away all the social conventions and arbitrary controls we face in our relations with others we might find that as friendship develops between two people (for simplicity's sake, of different genders) there will be a point in the increasing intimacy where there is a desire to have sex. In our psychological blueprint, sex may be a perfectly normal step in the process of getting to know someone, a step we won't take or might not recognise because of the taboos against it. By denying this natural and logical step in the process of intimacy perhaps we are placing a wedge between ourselves and others.

What if we were to change our sexual attitudes and practices so that they were no longer based on fear or under someone else's control? What if we made our own decisions about monogamy rather than blindly following the dictates of the church and the government? What if our future sex were based on *personal fulfilment* rather than fear and doctrine?

Once fear is overcome, in sex as in all aspects of existence, we can fulfil our natural human tendency to reach and experience other forms of life in the most intimate way possible or appropriate. We can begin embracing rather than withdrawing, integrating rather than separating, allowing and accepting rather than denying and controlling.

What would our new sexual premises be like? How about: sex is fun; sex is an enlightening experience; sex is simply another way to communicate and share intimacy; sex is freedom and we are free to share sex with many others; sex is love; if having sex is a natural, spontaneous desire, then by all means follow your excitement, married or not.

It's nice to think that one day we will get to a point where we can love ourselves enough to truly love one another; where truly loving another does not mean we depend on them for our own identity or self-esteem;

"How about: sex is fun; sex is an enlightening experience; sex is another way to communicate."

where loving one another entails allowing our intimates to be who they want to be rather than limiting them out of our own fear. — *Stephen Davis*

(From Future Sex *by Stephen Davis with channelling by Lyssa Royal, published in Australia by Awareness Through Education and available through Tower Books. All rights reserved.)*

The Smirnoff Waltz.

Too good to stay behind bars.

Hertz Walpole SMS 0483
APB 15899-A

FEAR OF FLYING

It starts as you zip up your wetsuit, strap on the helmet, check your gloves for the last time and, finally, slip your feet into the bindings of your 183cm-long carbon graphite water skis. Those in the know call it the fear of flying — and it must vanish as soon as your skis hit the water. It's okay to be a little apprehensive, but being shit scared is only going to get you into trouble.

This is the world of water-ski jumping, where super-fit athletes travel further through the air than just about anyone else. It is the domain of a few brave men and women who lay it all on the line to go the distance and grab some cash. Ski jumping is the premier event in water-skiing,

Photo by Simon Lane

and it's the crowd favorite at the world's top professional events. The skiers who take their chances in this event can do very well for themselves, thanks very much, earning big money at tournaments in the USA, Europe, Asia and Australia. In this country, your best bet of seeing ski jumpers strut their stuff is at the two big tournaments: the Moomba Masters, in Melbourne, and Oz Ski, in Raymond Terrace, NSW.

What is it like to ski jump, to travel distances of more than 60 metres through the air? Strap on your skis as we go for a world record-class jump. The boat speed is set at 57km/h, and you are being towed behind a purpose-built craft which does not yield as you pull against the tow rope. The jump ramp is 1.8 metres high, about 5.5 metres in length and some four metres wide. It has a steel frame with a fibreglass deck. As the boat comes into the jump course (marked out by a set of buoys), you cut to the left and, at the 180 metre marker buoy, start a turn which will carry you across the boat wake and to its right. Once you've finished this cut, you'll actually be moving faster than the boat and will travel past its bow. The skis start to sink into the water as they lose speed, so you need to make your turn as the boat catches up.

The final turn is a slow, progressive change in direction. It's now that you get your first look at the jump ramp . . . and it *is* scary. Set the skis on edge and brace for the pull of the boat. Crouching down low, almost in a tug-o'-war stance, you resist the tow craft. The phenomenal acceleration begins: in a split-second, you will accelerate from about 20km/h to almost 100km/h. You hit the wakes at top speed, the skis erupting from the water even though you try to minimise lift.

It's now that you prepare for impact, the vertebrae-crushing blow of hitting a ramp with a 16-degree incline. You'll be on the slippery fibreglass structure for the amount of time it takes to click your fingers, so perfect timing is imperative. Pushing up with your hips and chest, you're desperate for maximum lift — and then you're airborne. Your launch propels you up to the equivalent height of a three-storey building: about 10 metres at the height of your trajectory. Trajectory? Face it: you're nothing but cannon fodder at this point, and you're going to come down with a bang. There's maybe two-and-a-half seconds of air time, but it's enough to adjust your upper body to get maximum distance.

The boat is way down below and to the right, disappearing from your peripheral vision as you overtake 260 hard-working mechanical horses. You land some 60 metres downstream, hitting the water with a force even Schwarzenegger and Stallone couldn't resist, then fall on to your back, struggling to hold the rope handle as the boat begins to pull you off balance. Just grasping the handle with your left hand, you manage to stand up on the skis. You have made it — unscathed. The fear subsides.

Photos by Darren Braybrook

But what if it goes wrong? Is this sport dangerous? That depends on who you're talking to. Most of the world's best water-skiers will admit they still get edgy as they strap on their jump skis, scared of what can happen when things go wrong. Badly wrong. Accidents are commonplace, and the world champion in this discipline, Geoff Carrington, is still fighting to recover from perhaps the worst crash ever seen. The Queensland-based champ was attempting a stunt for a Yank television show last year, which saw him attempting to ski over an exploding ski jump and wharf. He never made it over that jetty and lay in a coma for three months as a result.

But hold on to the ski-rope, keep everything under control and you could be sailing 60 metres through the air. Oh, and if you do travel so far, your name will be Sammy Duvall, Bruce Neville, Geoff Carrington, Mike Hazelwood, Glenn Thurlow or Carl Roberge. That's right: only six men have ever recorded this distance.

What blasts up must crash down in water-ski jumping

Three Australians (Neville, Carrington and Thurlow), two Yanks (Duvall and Roberge) and one Pom (Hazelwood). Australians are in fact among the best water-skiers in the world, with Bruce Neville our newest superstar. He set an Australian record earlier this year, jumping 61.7 metres; that's just 0.6 metres away from Sammy Duvall's world record of 62.3 metres.

So next time you're out on the water and you happen to see a ski jump, check out the structure. Have a look at its height, its width; think about how narrow and high it must look when you're approaching it at 100km/h. Then consider one other point: could you embark on the flight of fear? — *Simon Lane*

The watch of the future. From Rado.

Rado DiaStar 'Ceramica'. A new chapter in watch history. Case and bracelet perfectly blended into a timepiece of enduring value. Made from a unique material: high-tech ceramics. A scratchproof object of the future that looks just as beautiful after years as on the first day. Uncompromising. Sleek. Beautiful. Boldly created as an embodiment of the essential. For people who value what really counts: perfection of form with lasting worth.

A different world

Rado DiaStar 'Ceramica'.
Made from scratchproof high-tech ceramics.
In three sizes.

RADO
Switzerland

For catalogues and further information, contact SMH Australia Ltd., 47 Wellington Street, Windsor Vic 3181, Tel. (03) 510 53 01

NAME THAT PLONK

Let's go way back. Think of the name of the first wine you could pronounce well enough to make people forget that the only physical thing you had ever wrestled with was acne. No matter what your age, I'll take you a $1000 bet that the grog in question didn't labor under a fancy French name describing what sort of wine it was. I'll bet you remember a brand name. Depending on your decade, it could be Cold Duck, Porphyry Pearl, Sparkling Rinegold or Ben Ean moselle. Sound familiar?

Brand-name wines have never really been out of fashion. It's just that they're more popular now than a few years ago, when various people traded in their diaries for Filofaxes. It was trendy, then, to pull out bottles from obscure vineyards containing wine made from grapes nobody had ever heard of. Made it look like you knew what you were on about, even though you hadn't a clue.

Well, that was boomtime. These days people are a little less willing to risk their cash. Brand-name wines are reliable. You know what you're going to get when you pop the cork.

Wine companies don't much care if you don't know their name, as long as you know the name of their product. Most people haven't a clue that Jacobs Creek is made by Orlando. Industry giants such as Penfolds focus hard on their own strong brands — and those of any company they take over — and promote them until even a hermit can't feign ignorance. Just trot into a crowded room and yell: "Who wants a bottle of Grange Hermitage for free?" You'll see what brand names can do.

Over the past few years a whole crop of new brand names has sprung up, many of them well made wines for very reasonable prices — which means a bonanza for consumers. Companies have been tempted into piggy-backing on success by extending a brand name when the title has become a synonym for a type of wine. To most imbibers Koonunga Hill and Jacobs Creek mean claret, not chablis, but the makers have tried to hitch a ride on the name.

The makers of sparkling wines at the lower end of the market have been very successful in marketing their wares under name only. You don't have to explain Minchinbury, Angas Brut or Great Western. Further up the price scale, Penfolds have been pushing Edmond Mazure as the premium drop from the Seaview champagne cellars. It's one of the best in the $13 to $15 range. A close competitor is Seppelts Fleur de Lys.

Brand names don't always mean cheap grog. Penfolds Grandfather Port costs more than $60 a bottle, but it's still rationed by the company. Blended from liquors with an average age of 25 years, the Grandfather brand has a well-deserved stranglehold on the stratospheric levels of the tawny port market.

Kaiser Stuhl enjoys enormous success with its Green and Red Ribbon brands. Green Ribbon rhine riesling puts wines double the price to shame. At only $5 this has got to be one of the best value wines in the world. Red Ribbon is equally good value, with one of the cheapest cabernet sauvignons ($8) on the market, and shiraz at the same price.

Lindemans used to promote the Matthew Lang label as premium.

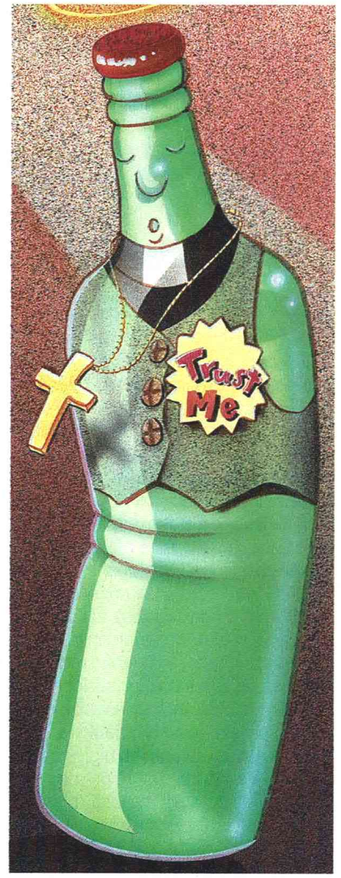


Illustration by Doug Lockyer

The grapevine has it that trusted brand names are back in favor

Many of the wines are still picking up gold medals, but the price tag doesn't reveal this. Matthew Lang Beaujolais at $3.99 has reputedly put the wind up the French — and rightly so. It's a frisky, full-flavored wine tailor-made for your mortgage payment bank account.

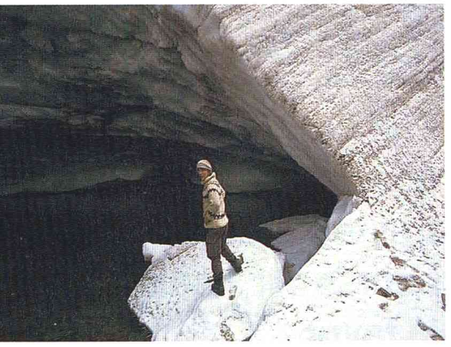
Lindemans has also revived the old Cawarra label after a 20-year break. You'll find it on bottles of chablis and claret which retail for around $6 each, while you can have a Lindemans Nyrang Hermitage for the time-warp price of $6.

Doom and gloom aside, you have to lash out sometimes. Lindemans launched Pyrus back in the mid-Eighties, and it took only three vintages to enter Australia's red wine hall of fame. A Coonawarra blend of the highest quality, the 1987 vintage costs $25 to $30.

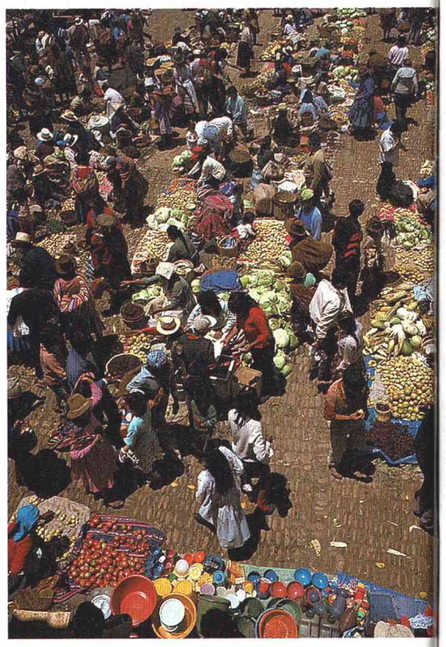
John Riddoch is a cabernet from Wynns that has won many trophies. The powerful 1988 vintage is available for just over $30. Penfolds Bin 389 is one of Australia's most reliable premium reds. Until 1959, Penfolds used a different bin number for every wine but, from 1960, this blend of cabernet and shiraz has retained the same number from year to year. This wine has a cellaring potential of ten years with a price tag of only $14.

One of the more recent attempts at a brand name is Randall sparkling wine from Andrew Garrett wines. Named after its bouncy maker, Warren Randall, this wine has few peers in the $18 price bracket. You can cut a swath with it and still have enough change left over from $20 to buy a lottery ticket — and hope. — *Elisabeth King*

CONDORS AND CONQUISTADORS



Thrilling and chilling, the Andes are a magnet for the adventurous



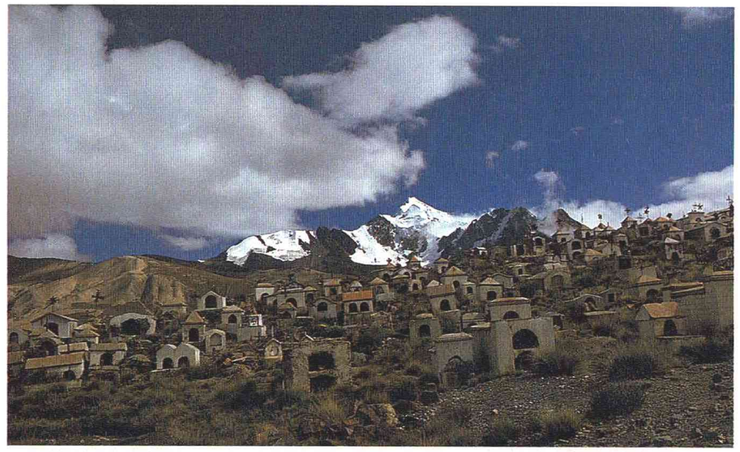
I first saw them as I came skimming across the Caribbean on my way to touchdown in Cartagena on Colombia's eastern seaboard. Away to the left, rising above a line of white cloud, shimmered the snow-covered peaks of the Andes. I'd read Herge's *Tintin And The Prisoners Of The Sun* and found myself mesmerised by the images of lonely frozen peaks jutting out of steamy jungles, concealing the mysteries of vanished civilisations.

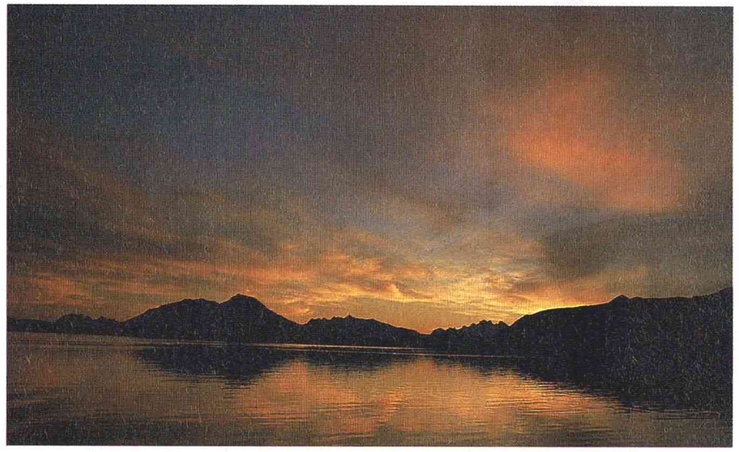
The shape of the Andes resembles that of a gigantic snake lazily sunning itself across the length of the South American land mass. They stretch 8900kms from Chile and Argentina in the south through Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador, then coil eastwards across Columbia and down into Venezuela. This is the landscape that nurtured the pre-Colombian civilisations, including the Incas. Even today the bulk of the inhabitants of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia live above 2000m.

I'd heard vague reports about some old ruins lost in the forests around Chachapoyas, a big town 600kms inland from the northern Peruvian coast on the far side of the Andes, so, after working my way through Colombia and Ecuador, I crossed into northern Peru. Ignoring warnings about *Sendero Luminoso* ("Shining Path") guerillas along the route, I hit the road for Chachapoyas. In the village of Tingo, halfway down the Chachapoyas valley, I hired a guide and some horses and, armed with machetes and food for two days, headed off into the mountains for the ruins of Kuelap. Lying at 3500m, Kuelap is one of the biggest ruined cities in South America, but despite that, as enigmatic as the Sachupoyan people who built it.

No-one knows much about the Sachupoyans. The *conquistadores* never found them, and the Incas only conquered a few outlying forts, never guessing that a great civilisation remained unsubdued in the jungled valleys below. It's only since 1973 that Sachupoyan ruins have been unearthed by archaeologists, and even these discoveries haven't shed much light. Local legends of "ancient, bearded, fair-skinned men" give credence to "lost white race" theories, as does the construction of their stone buildings, uncannily reminiscent of neolithic Celtic ruins in Europe, but it all remains highly speculative.

My guide pointed the way to the sole entrance through Kuelap's massive 20m walls, and I left the 20th Century for a world of ancient monuments, tumbledown temples and swirling mist. Kuelap must have been virtually impregnable, with its huge outer wall on one side and a 1000m chasm on the other. Forest trees had taken root everywhere and added a brooding quality to the already surreal ruinscape. The Sachupoyans lived and died in their round stone houses, and after death were buried beneath the kitchen floor. Over the years since Kuelap's demise, foraging animals have uncovered most of the graves, thus accounting for the bones scattered about among the ruins.





Photos by Monica Napper

It seems a sad end for a proud culture but, as the caretaker explained, it's a fitting finale for a community of warmongers and cannibals. Apparently the Sachupoyans were in a constant state of war with each other, and the vanquished would either be thrown off the outer walls or eaten by Sachupoyan priests. At its peak Kuelap housed 30,000 people, but by the time it was discovered in 1843 it had been long deserted. Its power to intimidate, however, remains undiminished — the cold shadow of its walls continued to chill me as I wound my way back down to Tingo and the present.

By the time I'd finished with all the ruins in Peru, I never wanted to see another archaeological site again. I decided I needed to get right away from civilisations both past and present, and to that end I went to the highest capital in the world, La Paz in Bolivia at 3600m, to equip myself for a trek into the Bolivian Andes. Along the way I met up with a deranged German called Marco who just happened to be looking for a trekking companion, and before I knew it, my fate was sealed.

It wasn't that we weren't equipped. We were, except that I lacked trekking boots and had to make do with my Doc Martens. The problem was that by the end of the third day of the trek we were lost. On the morning of the fourth day we awoke to find ourselves faced with a ridge of mountains all over 5000m high, which only deepened our depression as we'd almost killed ourselves scaling a 4600m pass the day before.

But Marco knew where to go. With Teutonic certainty he plunged down valleys, scaled cliffs and forged through streams until, about four hours later, he finally conceded defeat. Then we got lucky: ten minutes later we stumbled on some peasants' huts and found an inhabitant who could speak Spanish. When we told him where we wanted to go, he amazed us by saying it was only about half an hour away. Somehow, while lost, we'd taken a short cut that had saved us half a day's trekking.

Our goal for the following day was the 5200m Apacheta Pass at the head of a narrow valley hemmed in by snow-topped Andean giants all above 5000m. All went well — the cloud around the pass lifted, the snow cover was minimal and the path was clear. But once at the top we looked out over the other side, expecting to see a path — and saw instead a massive glacier extending some 400m down into another valley.

We had no ropes, no crampons, only one prodding stick to search for crevasses under the fresh snow — and I had only my Docs with which to traverse the ice. We had one day's supply of food left, ruling out the option of trekking back the way we'd come for four days. We had to cross the glacier.

With Marco out in front (he had the stick) we negotiated several crevasses and were feeling almost relaxed, when suddenly one of his legs disappeared into the snow. He extricated himself, swung around, and with an angry "Scheisse!" disappeared down another crevasse. Only his unwieldy pack saved him by jamming between the lips of the crevasse. I managed to pull him out. Then, with no way back, we simply kept going.

Obviously we survived; otherwise I wouldn't be writing this story. But whereas my Sachupoyan experience had only put the kybosh on ancient ruins, the survival trek cured me of two more things: German trekkers — and the Andes themselves. Much though I've disparaged it before, I've decided I really do prefer boring old flat-as-a-pancake Australia. And bugger Tintin. — *David Moodie*

THE ONE

Panasonic has created a new TV for a new age. With advanced performance, it puts tomorrow's technology to work for you today. It's called The One.

THE ONE TO SEE

The innovative superflat and black picture tube promises images that are more brilliantly clear than you've ever seen on a screen. Superflat, for an easy-to-watch picture from any angle – right to the edge. Superblack for crystal clear and natural colour.

THE ONE TO HEAR

The new integrated Dome Sound system takes listening to new heights of realism. Deep dynamic bass, clear middle and high sound reproduction direct from the screen creates a startling atmosphere and impact.

THE ONE FOR YOU

Even the outside of this television is brilliant. Designed so although the screen is impressively large, the set itself is streamlined and compact. Sculptured like a work of art, so it's good to look at from any angle.

The TX-68R7I Model has extra features like Teletext and NTSC playback. The TX-33V2X model has picture-in-picture technology (which means that with a VCR you can watch two television channels or television and video at the same time).

If you really want television that can take you into a new age, this is The One.

New life
Panasonic
Even more than you expected

SELLING THE SIZZLE

Allow me to introduce you to Quicksilver's Law of Value and Advertising, which states that the benefit to be derived from anything is in inverse proportion to the amount of money spent on advertising it.

Have a look at what's advertised on television — the most expensive advertising medium — and see how many goods and services are spruiked thereon without which, if you had never heard of them, you would be just as happy or even more so. You will discover that nearly everything advertised on TV you can — and probably do — do without. (The occasional exception to this rule will possibly be a government essential service, which only bears out Quicksilver's Rule of Government: When given an equal choice between doing nothing and spending money, a government will spend money, regardless of any need to do so.)

The Law of Value and Advertising is really only common sense. If something is any good, why spend so much money trying to get people to buy it? Ever seen a community service announcement like: "Have sex — you'll like it"?

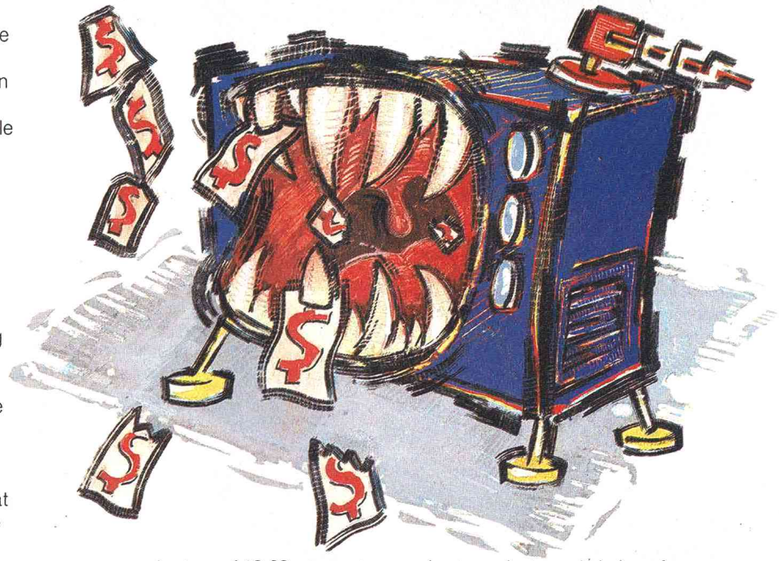
Which means if you see an ad that says "Be rich, it's fun", there will be a rider clause, namely: "We'll help you"; and, if you apply Quicksilver's Law, you can be sure that the more you are told "We'll help you", the less it is true.

Ultimate Funds was launched

A slick TV ad doth not a good investment product make

with much fanfare in 1986. Of the few thousand ordinary investors who put their money into Ultimate, I don't think many got much of their money back, let alone made a profit. Estate Mortgage was another big advertiser, and the advertising was increased near the end, when the group was more desperate for new funds to keep it afloat. Farrow Corp also started advertising a lot more near the end of its short, spectacular and disastrous life.

So, while speaking of unit trusts, which we are, have you ever heard of the Perpetual Industrial Share Fund? I bet not one in 50 of you have. It is, according to a survey done by George Cochrane in the 10th anniversary issue of *Business Review Weekly*, the best performing managed fund of the decade, with a



compound return of 19.68 per cent a year in the ten years to March 1991. The fund is run by boring old fuddy-duddy Perpetual Trustee for widows and orphans and deceased estates and hardly says boo, advertising-wise, from one year to the next. And it's not small, with $150 million or so.

Boring old Westpac's "Super Investment Fund" hasn't done too badly either, scoring 15.66 per cent over the decade. Yes, I know Westpac advertises like crazy, but it was very quiet about this fund. Even more so now — it's closed, so you can't get set. Its current range of super trusts are only fair to middling — maybe they're advertising them more.

Anyway, by now you ought to be getting my drift. If you are looking for an investment, bear Quicksilver's Law in mind and be wary of investment products that are heavily advertised.

There are other things that must be looked at, of course, but this law enables you to reduce your range of choices to more manageable proportions. You can consult the tables in *Personal Investment* magazine for the real criterion: just how well has the fund performed?

By the way, you'll note that such performance statistics bear the warning about past performance being not necessarily a good guide to future performance. This is true; it is also obligatory by law. That's because last year's hot performer can often turn out to be this year's dog. To avoid being bitten it is wise to choose in the middle range of performance. Such funds tend to maintain a steady, positive return over the medium to long run. But as to which particular fund will return, say, 15 per cent and which will return, over the same long haul, say, 12 per cent, that's almost impossible for even the experts to predict. The variables are just so manifold, and so, well, variable.

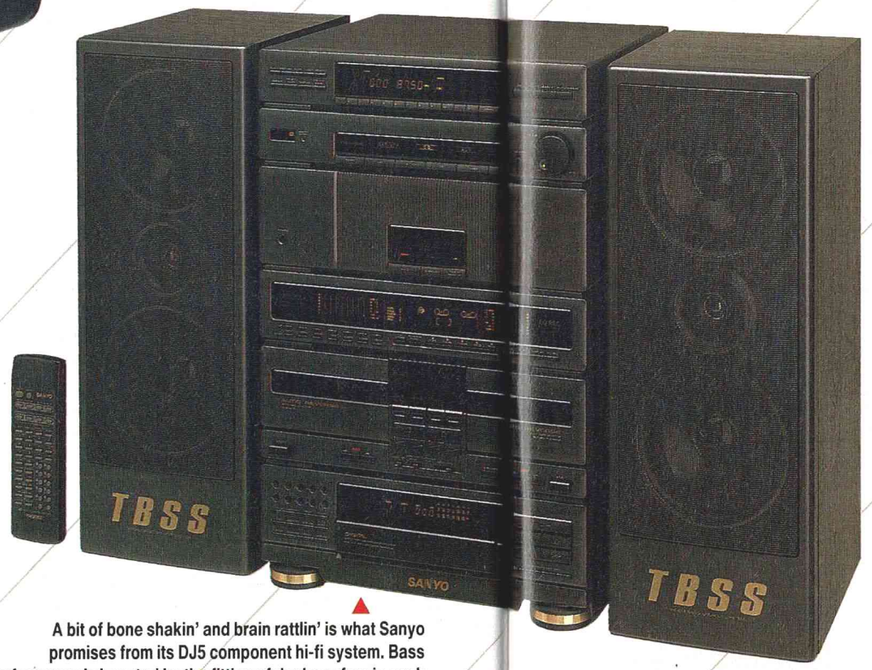
It is statistically inevitable that some funds will perform better than others and thus you are more likely to pick a fund that is not the best performer than you are to pick one that is. This is the Law of Probability and I didn't make that up; it was passed in Europe in the 17th Century. Remember it, as it will make you feel better. You should do all right, others may do better. That's the way it is. That's the law. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Robert Purnell

FRONT

So you're not the world's greatest photographer, but who's to know if the camera takes care of all the tricky bits and leaves you to take the glory. Chinon's Auto 6001 is fitted with a useful 38-90mm power zoom and all you have to do is take aim. In the split-second before you trigger the shutter, the 6001 focuses, checks the light and even composes the scene by zooming the lens to give the most suitable frame. The autofocus system has an extra wide angle-of-view so even subjects located toward the edge of the frame won't fool it. The flash fires when needed and can be mixed with daylight to fill in shadows. And what price all this automation? Yours for just $440, mate.

"Compact component system" is quite a mouthful, but Pioneer's X-P77T Contempo delivers quite an earful despite its diminutive dimensions. The new generation of baby hi-fis incorporates the sort of features and performance which once took up a fair amount of loungeroom space, but can now be accommodated on a bookshelf. The X-P77T boasts 305 watts peak output, dual autoreverse cassette decks, a twin tray CD player and an AM/FM tuner which doubles as a very sophisticated alarm clock. An extra set of speakers can be added for the surround-sound effects and thus set up, the Pioneer can turn your loungeroom into a cathedral, concert hall or outdoor venue. This little lot costs $2300, but the Contempo systems start at a more modest $1200. ▼

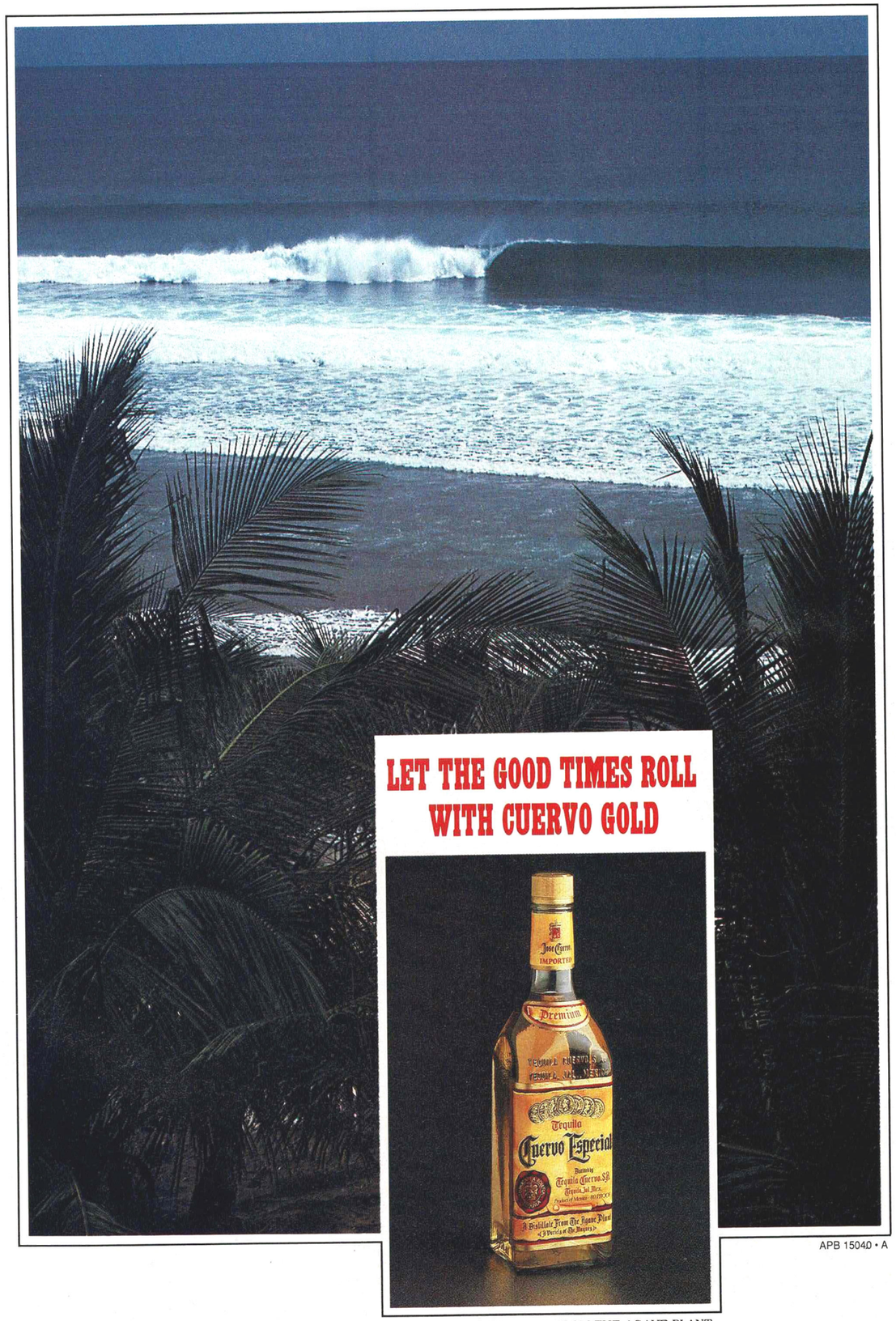


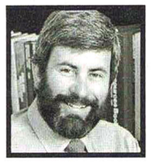
A bit of bone shakin' and brain rattlin' is what Sanyo promises from its DJ5 component hi-fi system. Bass performance is boosted by the fitting of dual woofers in each loudspeaker cabinet and with 35 watts per channel, the system produces a fair amount of grunt (or should that be growl?). For $1599 you also get a programmable CD player, dual cassette decks and an AM/FM tuner with 36 station presets and a clock-timer so you can wake up to the strains of Mozart or Motley Crue. The whole lot can be remotely controlled (including volume levels) and there are provisions for connecting additional speakers to enjoy surround sound.

Pentax's new Z-1 35mm SLR has a mind of its own. Well, nearly. Pentax has just automated one of the last manual duties left on the modern reflex camera — namely zooming — so the Z-1 can decide which is the most appropriate framing for a particular type of subject (portraiture, for example). What's more, it maintains this framing even if the subject moves. Not surprisingly, both focusing and exposure control are fully automatic, but the Z-1 incorporates a useful array of facilities for those who like more creative control. To permit power zooming, there's a whole new range of lenses spanning 24mm to 600mm, so it's obvious the Z-1 is aimed at the serious shooter. More details from C.R. Kennedy & Company. ▶

NHT's angle on loudspeaker design is known as "Focused Image Technology." Translated, it's a slanted front panel which means the speaker's drivers are angled toward the listener even when the cabinet is set parallel to the wall (which helps save space). In audible terms, the benefits are a more realistic soundstage (so individual instruments or voices can be more accurately "placed") and a general enhancement in the reproduction of subtle musical detail and ambience. NHT's Model 1.3 loudspeakers (incidentally, the initials stand for Now Hear This . . . clever, eh?) employ a 6.5-inch woofer and a one-inch tweeter to give a frequency response spanning 52 Hz to 25 kHz. The ear can't hear much outside this range. To match the room decor, the 1.3s are available in either high-gloss black or white finishes or a hand-oiled oak veneer. NHT is brought to you ▼ courtesy of W.C. Wedderspoon in Sydney.

You're looking at the home entertainment system of the future . . . only ▶ you can buy it from Panasonic now and for just $1199. The LX-101 can accept five formats of laser disc from the 8.0cm CD single to the 30cm long-play video discs. Of course, it can also handle standard compact discs and the new CD Video type (the ones with pictures). Thanks to the *karaoke* craze, the video disc is now big business and the LX-101 handles the NTSC type so there's no shortage of the latest movie titles. Incidentally, video discs deliver far superior picture quality to tape and have digital audio soundtracks, which means a treat for both the eyes and the ears.





Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

KICKING GOALS

How to avoid a mid-life crisis

The mid-life crisis has been a recent darling of pop psychology, so much so that there is a risk it will be trivialised out of existence. It isn't any more important or serious than any of the other life-stage crises, like divorce or retirement, but that doesn't mean it's unimportant. A good dose of mid-life crisis can leave you depressed, unmotivated, unhappy and even suicidal. So what is it and what can you do about it?

Clinically, I usually see two patterns leading to a mid-life crisis. The first involves a person who set out with unrealistic goals. He was determined to be the president of the corporation, the king of the country. But he doesn't make it. If you look at the structure of most organisations you will see they are built like pyramids. There's some room on the next level up, but less still on the one above. At the top, there's room for very few.

Of course, not everyone who joins an organisation is determined to get to the top, but many see this as their destiny. So it's inevitable that a fair number must some time come to the realisation that they have risen as far as they're going to, that they're not going to get to the top. They may have actually done quite well, occupying a middle rank position with some authority and expertise and enjoying reasonable earnings.

But they didn't make it to the top and, after all, isn't that what life is all about? Forced to let go of their original, unrealistic goal, they have nothing to put in its place. The further risk is that they devalue what they have achieved and unrealistically see themselves as failures.

The second common pattern is the person who has, in fact, achieved all his career goals, maybe fairly easily and early in life. On the way he's been telling himself: "When I reach that goal, then I'll be happy." Now he has those goals, is often materially well off, but is dismayed to find he isn't happy. If life was all about getting to this point and now I'm here but I'm not happy, was it all a waste of time? Again there's the risk of devaluing his achievements and adding to his depression.

I see occasional variations on these two themes but you will notice the common thread. The victim of a midlife crisis is saying that he lacks current, attractive goals. Without them he lacks a sense of purpose, the satisfaction of achievement and any enjoyment from life. The essence of the midlife crisis is lack of a goal.

Many people make the mistake of thinking that goal-setting is not for them. Some think it's only for high-flying business people. Some think it's unnecessarily artificial. Some confuse it with wishing, wanting or daydreaming. Let me convince you otherwise. It's impossible to be alive and not to set goals. If you wake up in the morning and think: "Have a shower and a shave, get some breakfast, get dressed and get to work by 8.30," that's goal-setting.

The problem I see is that most of us do our goal-setting like jellyfish. Watched a jellyfish lately? They're active little animals. They pulse along through the water. If a fish swims into their tentacles, they sting it and eat it. But where a jellyfish winds up at the end of the day depends mostly on the tide and the wind. That's how most of us have learned to do our goal-setting, on a very short-term basis and mostly in reaction to what the world does to us. My suggestion is, since you're going to be a goal-setter as long as you're alive, take charge and do it skilfully. Then where you wind up at the end of the day is more likely to be where you wanted to go.

> "Useful life goals are realistic, interesting, comfortable, and action plans."

Useful and useable life goals meet four criteria. They are realistic, interesting, comfortable and action plans. They are realistic because then you are likely to achieve them. Nothing builds motivation like success. Set realistic goals and you will experience lots of success and that will keep you in there, plugging away. Don't worry about setting goals too low in trying to be realistic. Goal-setting is a lifelong exercise. When you achieve a goal, you replace it with the next one for that part of your life. So, if you achieve a goal easily because it was too low for you, you will set the next one a bit higher, until you have reached your personal best. You can't do better than that.

Useful goals reflect your interests because it is difficult to sustain your motivation to work on something you are really not interested in. You can clarify your interests by asking yourself some questions. What do you enjoy doing? How would you spend an ideal day? What do you do in your spare time? Which of your activities provide most of your rewards?

What distinguishes useful goals is that they are action plans, spelled out in terms of behaviors you intend to do, with an observable outcome, so that you know when you get there. For example, your wish may be: "I'd like to earn more money." Turning that into a goal, it could become: "I will do the computer skills course at the local TAFE college and apply for an operator's job which pays $5000 more than my present one."

To survive or, better still, avoid your mid-life crisis, with the additional advantage of maximising your motivation and personal success, recognise that you will always be a goal-setter. Then set yourself the lifelong goal of being a skilful one.

BY TONY BARNAO AND NORM LIPSON

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

Cracking it in the Cross is dirty and deadly, but kids caught in the system find it hard to escape

CHILD'S PLAY

They arrive in search of easy money, cheap accommodation, or simply because they don't know where else to go. Some come from interstate, believing that Australia's seediest red-light district is the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Others come from well-off Sydney families, in search of company and quick thrills. What becomes of them, once they hit the streets of Kings Cross, depends on who gets to them first — the club and brothel owners or the youth workers.

Nobody knows exactly how many teenaged prostitutes are selling their bodies in Kings Cross. Mostly, they keep a low profile, hiding in clubs and brothels rather than on the streets, where they are easily identified by police. Some look much older than they are, using false ID papers to hide the fact that they're underage. Others try to look younger than they are, because there are plenty of men willing to pay big money for little girls.

Few of the kids arriving in the Cross

know what they're letting themselves in for. Some are talked out of it and sent back home, or chased off the beat by adult prostitutes. Those who stay end up living on the edge, bartering sex for drug money in a vicious circle of degradation.

Kids working as prostitutes are regularly used and abused by men who by day assume the mantle of respectable husband, father, businessman. By night, these same men pay hundreds of dollars to procure little girls — the younger and more fresh-faced the better. They'll offer the girls double their standard fee to dispense with normal "safe sex" requirements, knowing some will always be desperate enough to provide the service, take the risk.

Business these days is tough. The recession has started to bite deep into the heart of the sex industry. But it will still turn over an estimated $800 million nationwide this year.

It's a cold winter's night in late June, a south-easterly wind blasting a chill through the neon-lit street. It's a night on which the only ones to venture out are the needy and the greedy — along with a smattering of tourists.

Standing outside the well-known strip joint Club X, towards the windswept southern end of Darlinghurst Road, is 16-year-old Cindy. She huddles beside a parked car, her scrawny arms wrapped tightly around her skinny body. All around her, along both sides of Darlinghurst Road, seasoned spruikers entice prospective customers with a promise of cheap thrills: "Zip in and unzip — you'll come before you go, Sir!"

An insignificant figure amidst the hubbub, Cindy is wearing everything she owns — a soiled sweatshirt, tight faded jeans and well-worn high-top Reeboks. She wears no make-up, her hair is dishevelled and her fingernails are bitten to the quick — hardly an alluring vision for men on heat. But still this 4'10" waif manages to pull up to $800 on a good night. Four years ago she would have been pretty. But then the streets and the hammer (heroin) got hold of her.

Around the corner on Macleay Street, standing next to the El Alamein Fountain, 17-year-old Laura approaches a parked Mercedes and tells the well-dressed driver it will cost him $60 for a quick head job. Laura, dressed in a duffle coat and jeans, is tall and attractive, despite her casual attire. She speaks in a cultured upper-class accent.

Laura started her apprenticeship in the sex industry only a year earlier. Unlike Cindy, she's not in it for drug money; she likes the adrenalin buzz of life in the fast lane and the bonus of earning a comfortable, independent living.

But for Cindy, life has been anything but comfortable. She's "hanging out" — desperate for her next customer to provide her with the funds for her next $100 taste of heroin.

If she doesn't get it soon, she'll throw up all over the pavement. She looks no more than 12 — flat-chested, and with the features of a child.

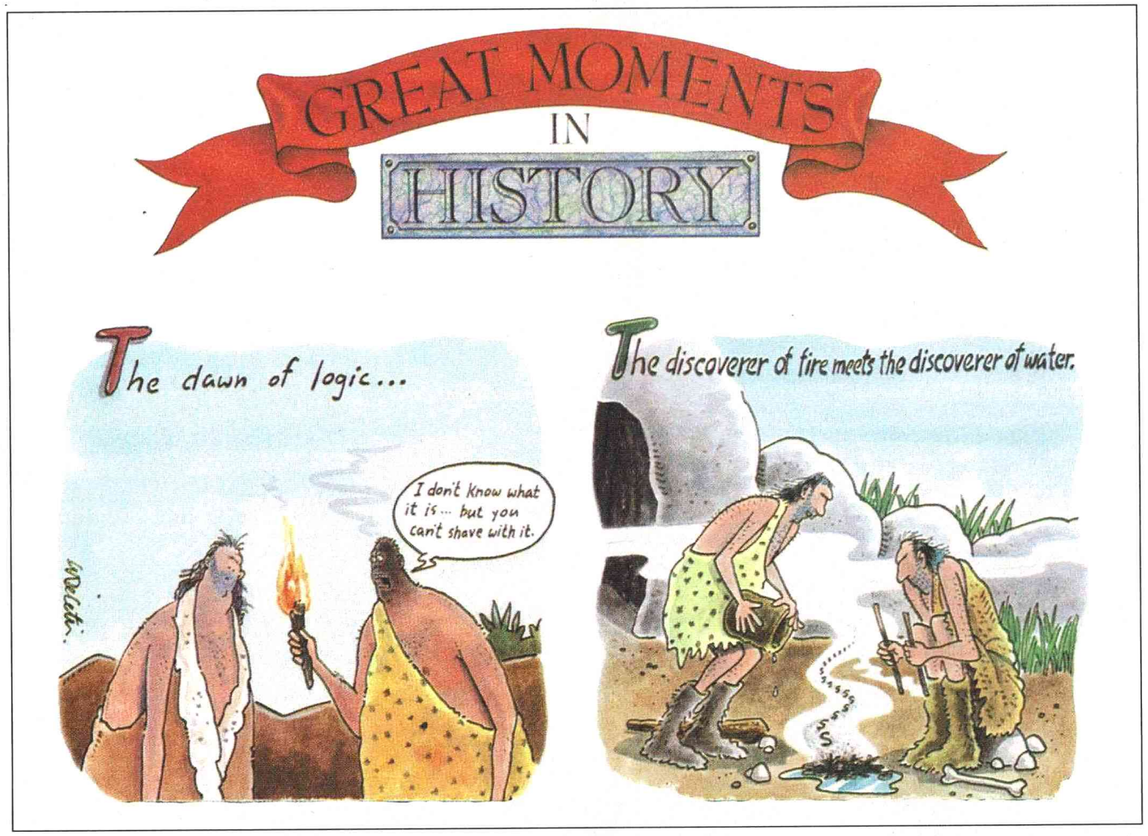
As we approach her she steps out of the shadows of the Club X doorway. "You guys wanna girl?" We ask her how old she is and she replies: "How old do you want me to be?"

After explaining to her that we want her time not for sex but for her story, she becomes agitated. "I haven't got time for this — I need another 60 bucks to score." Just then a paying customer emerges on foot, whispers in her ear and the pair walk off into the night.

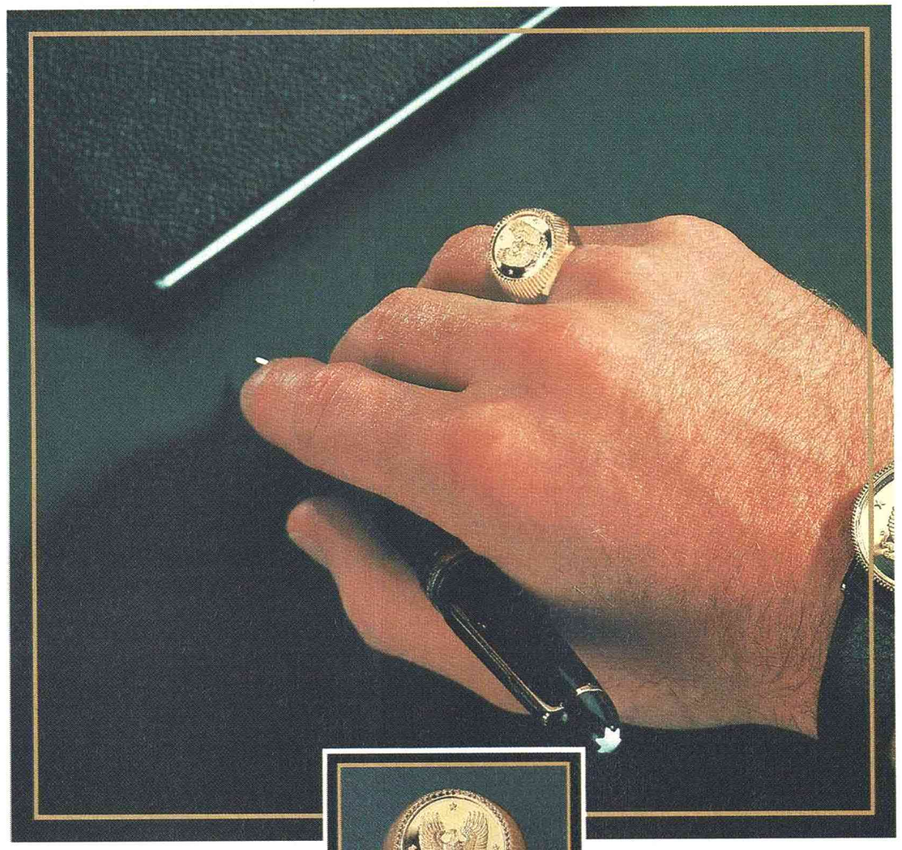
An hour later Cindy's back on the street, feeling a whole lot better — she made the connection. Now she's got time to have a cup of coffee and a chat.

"I've been working up the Cross for about two years now," she says, lacklustre brown eyes watching our tape recorder rather than engage our stare. "Before that I spent a couple of years on the streets in Melbourne."

Her voice is child-like but tinged with a raspy edge — a legacy of four years of chain smoking and hard living. She constantly gnaws at her fingernails as she re-


GREAT MOMENTS
IN
HISTORY
The dawn of logic...
I don't know what it is... but you can't shave with it.
The discoverer of fire meets the discoverer of water.

THE GOLD EAGLE RING



Wear a ring made in a great tradition, its face is *actually minted just like a coin*. Struck in solid 14 carat gold. And crafted exclusively by the artisans of the world-renowned Franklin Mint.

It captures all the intricate detail of a bold eagle sculpture by famed artist Gilroy Roberts - who is known world over for his work as the former chief sculptor for the U.S. Mint and whose portrait of John F. Kennedy made the U.S. half dollar one of the most collected coins in history.

The face of the ring is framed by a bold reeded bezel and a fluted band of 24 carat gold richly coated over solid sterling silver.

The Gold Eagle Ring - a superb piece of minted jewellery. Masculine. Majestic. And priced at just $495, plus $3.50 postage and handling, payable in interest free monthly instalments.

©Franklin Mint Pty. Limited.
A.C.N. 005 086 591 (Incorporated in Victoria)
742 Springvale Road, Mulgrave. Vic. 3176. Telephone: (03) 550 9600

00021 14775

Post to: Franklin Mint,
Freepost No. AAA2000.
742 Springvale Road, Mulgrave. Vic. 3170.
(No postage stamp required.)

Please mail by 30th November, 1991.

Please enter my order for The Gold Eagle Ring. Minted in 14 carat gold, an original work of art by Gilroy Roberts. Set in a band of sterling silver plated with 24 carat gold. I need send no payment now. Please invoice me prior to sending me my ring, as I have indicated below:
in ten *interest free monthly instalments* of $49.85 ☐ . OR
for the full issue price ☐
I will be paying by cheque/money order ☐ OR
Please charge my credit card account*
☐ Bankcard ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa Expiry _____

*Subject to normal credit card conditions.

Mr/Mrs/Miss _____
Please print clearly.
Address _____
_____ Postcode _____
Telephone _____
Please include STD area code with your number.
Signature _____
All orders must be signed and are subject to acceptance. APH
If under 18 years of age, parent or guardian signature required.

Hotline -Telephone credit card orders to (008) 036 072 (Free Call) or Fax (03) 561 7546.

CHILD'S PLAY

counts her short life. "My stepfather used to bash me and touch me up so when I was 12 I pissed off from home and eventually got locked up for theft. I started working the streets of St Kilda and a couple of the other girls there gave me a taste of speed [amphetamines] — that's when I started shooting up.

"My life sucked anyway so I didn't really care what I did to myself. Anyhow, Mum was cracking it [prostituting herself] and she'd been a junkie for years. I used to work the intersection of Barclay and Carlisle — it was my corner. I worked that spot till I was 14. I made heaps of money because I looked so young. I was 12 and acted ten. After my first few jobs I knew how to pull the big money — just act like a little girl because lots of blokes are into doing things to little girls — believe me!"

But what was it like the very first time?

"I hated it! This man in a suit was perving on me from his BMW and I walked over to him. He was like an old man — glasses and grey curly hair — a typical suit [businessman]. I got in his car and we did it. I gave him French [oral sex] and then sex.

"I didn't exactly know the prices. I charged him $60 instead of $90. I remember feeling dirty and telling him to hurry up and get off me. But I had the beginning of an expensive drug habit and I needed the money more than I needed my pride."

Cindy says her mother was working in a massage parlor and when she discovered Cindy was a prostitute, she realised she couldn't stop her so she decided to show her the ropes.

"We ended up working the same street together. My Mum taught me everything she knew to stay alive — how to pick the weirdos, how to sense danger and how to spot the cops. I did about seven customers a night — anywhere between $500 and $900 a night. But I shot it all up my arm. I was living alone in a dive of a motel. My life was really fucked. I used to get up around 1pm, have a shower, fuck the manager for the price of the room and then have a shot and go to work. Then I'd score a customer, have a shot, score a customer and have a shot. . .

"When Mum was around she would sometimes do the jobs with me in the same car or room and we would score together afterwards. You see, we were more like best friends than mother and daughter, so when we did a customer together, it felt okay."

When Cindy was arrested and briefly locked up for car theft two years ago, her mother moved to the bright lights of the Cross. Cindy followed shortly after her release. The mother and daughter team again worked the streets in tandem. But last year Cindy was suddenly left to fend for herself when her mother, then 28, died of an overdose of heroin and Rohypnol.

"I've been on my own for a year now," Cindy says. "It's gross being without her, but it sort of feels like she's gone away for a holiday or with some guy like she used to, and one day she'll just turn up. I don't feel so lonely when I think that way."

There's no-one in Cindy's life now except an endless stream of what working girls down the Cross call "mugs" — the paying customers.

"We call them mugs 'cause that's what the bastards are. I'm as old or as young as they want me to be. If they say they wish I was ten, I'll tell them I'm nine. I'm lucky I look young. Some blokes want me to pretend I'm their best friend's daughter and get me to answer to her name as they screw me. Some want me to stick vibrators up their arses as I give them head. I feel like spewing sometimes with the sick things I get asked to do. But worst of all is the mug who asked me to shit in his mouth. I didn't do it — I gave him a golden shower instead and just kept thinking that I could score straight afterwards and forget all about this ugly dickhead lapping up my piss.

"A mug's a fucking mug and a plug's a fucking plug. When I'm with one I think about my next shot — I don't think of fucking them. I just want them to hurry up

Continued on page 84

purity & power

THE PERFECT MATCH BECOMES THE PERFECT MACHO

The combination of the SC80 Control Amplifier and our SM80 Power Amplifier creates a synergistic partnership that delivers intensely pure reproduction to above specification output, with full system remote capability. In fact, our 100W output has been independently tested by Australian Hi Fi to consistently return 136W RMS per channel at 8 ohm.

So, when Marantz promises purity and power, we overdeliver!
For information about Marantz High Fidelity Audio Components or the name of your nearest dealer, phone toll free 008 22 6861, Sydney phone 742 8322

marantz®

NOT FOR THE CASUAL LISTENER

Finlay Preece Advertising 5779 NSW

Madame Butterfly

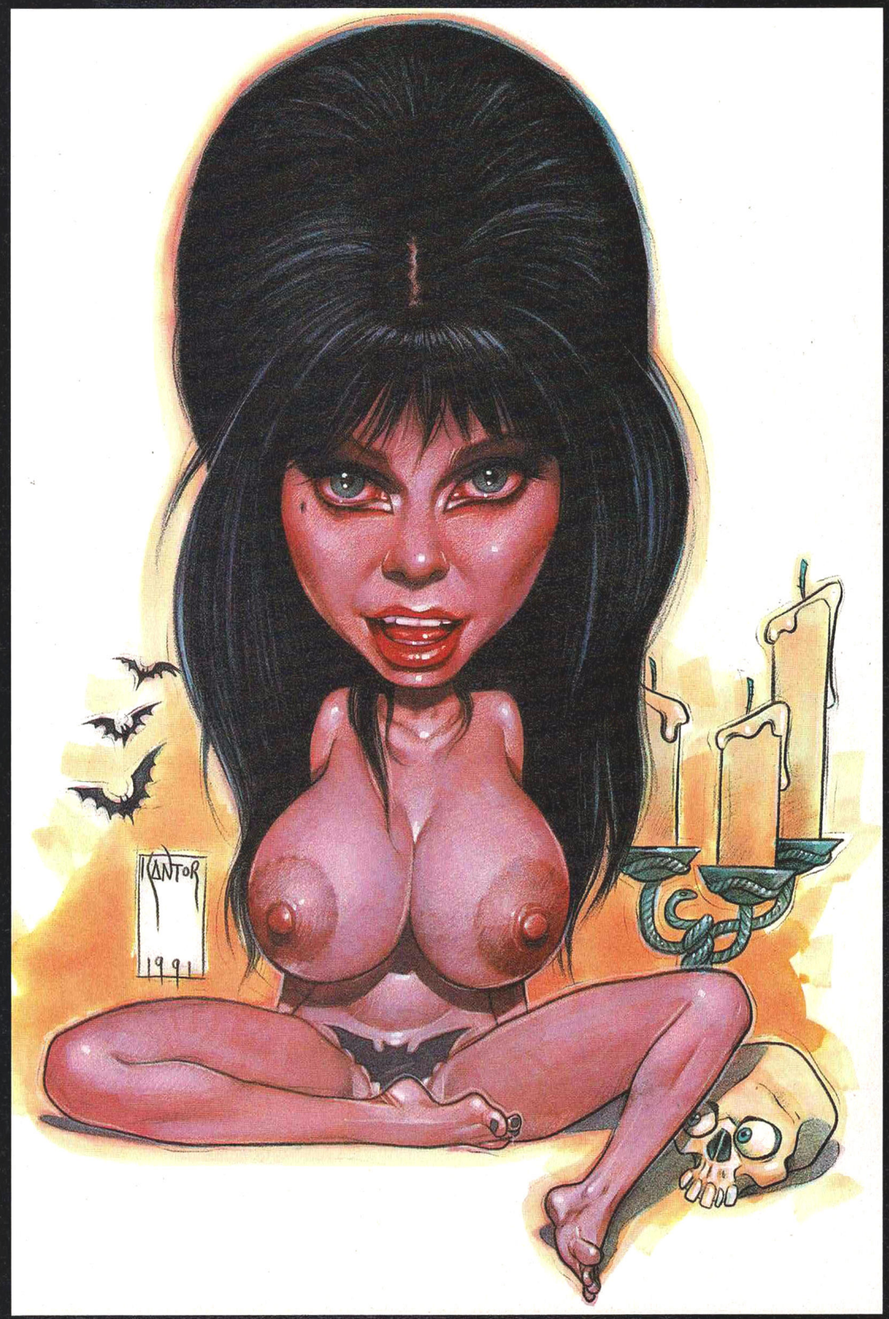
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EASTON

Michelle Bennet, 25, is a happy-go-lucky Aries. "I tend to speak my mind," she says. "You know, if I think a guy looks great, I'll go up to him and say hi. It works the other way, too, though. Sometimes I get into hot water!"

Michelle works as a sales rep for an exclusive car firm. "We sell used cars — Corvettes and Porsches and that sort of thing. Usually it's okay, but once this really nice guy was thinking about buying a car that I knew was awful, so I told him. I nearly got fired for that."

Michelle enjoys going out a lot. "I hate being alone. I'm a party girl at heart. I love getting dressed up to the nines, really showing off. I suppose I'm a bit of a butterfly." Michelle has no plans for settling down. "There are so many great men out there still to meet. I don't want to restrict myself at all."

KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Elvira

DIESEL AND DUST

Strapped into a 1000-horsepower, six-tonne piece of pure grunt and fury, travelling at 160 km/h, there is no room for error, no illusions of what will happen should you even blink. You ignore the logical part of your brain that protests, saying: "Stop this craziness. You are going to die!" Instead, you screw another 100 revs from the engine and fling the snarling truck into a treacherous downhill left-hander. One slip, one centimetre off line and at best, you can write off the lap while the pack behind you blows past; at worst, the truck will slide off the road in a mess of dust and metal. But for now, the sum total of your universe is the view of the track ahead, where a bright yellow Ford Louisville has taken to the dirt. Instantly the rear end of the Ford squats as over 800 horsepower takes control of the physics. The blunt snout of the Louie swings around, heading back on to the track. Two huge rooster tails of dust

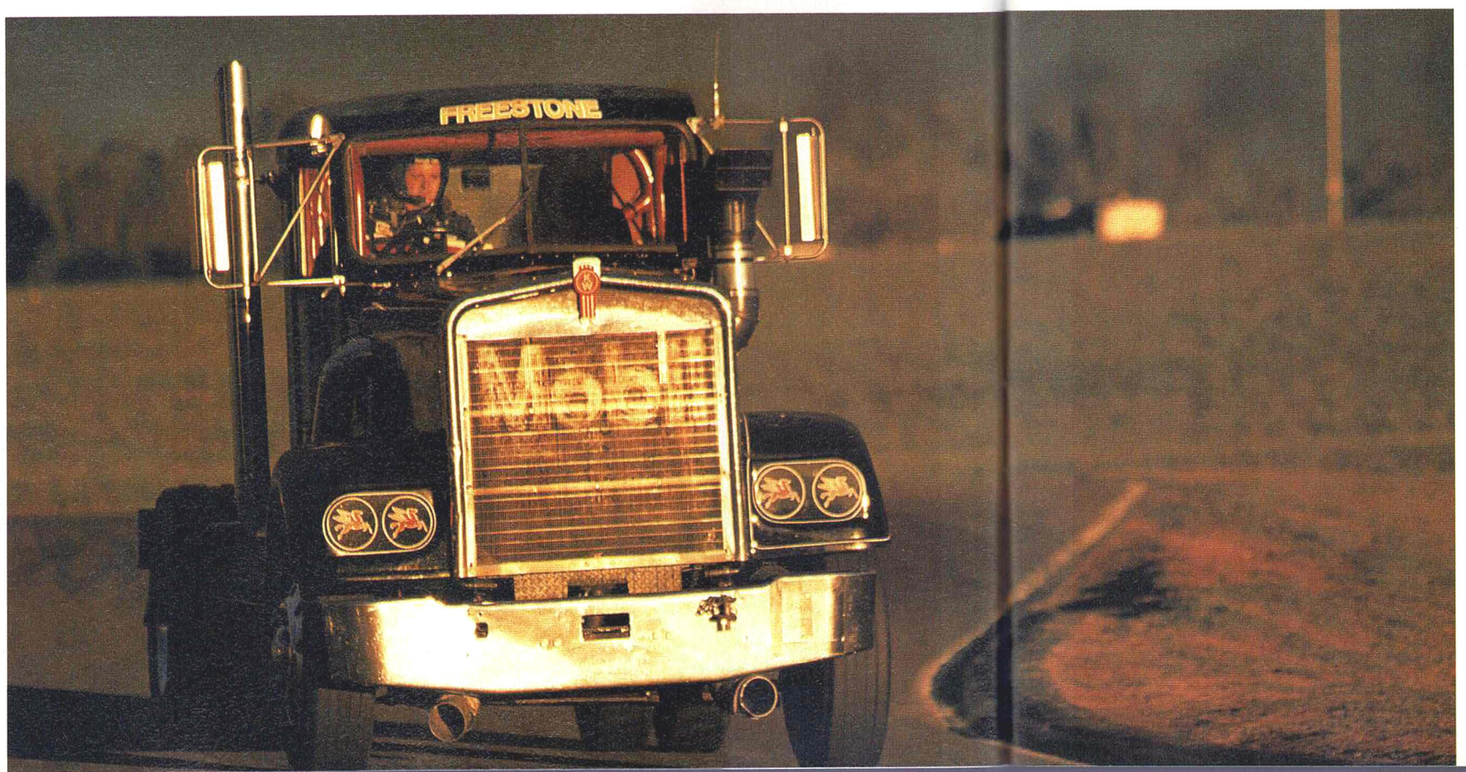
BY STEVE JAMES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT POSO

The adrenalin-charged sport of truck racing is rocketing ahead in Australia

MAIN PHOTO COURTESY INTERSTATER MAGAZINE

Clockwise from above: Rodney "Superbrat" Crick steers his factory replica Volvo N12 on to Oran Park's main straight; the remains of the SRZ Team's Kenworth W; Paul Freestone, in his Mobil Oil-backed Kenworth, catches the sun at an Oran Park Super Prix.



DIESEL AND DUST

erupt from its massive rear wheels.

In a split second of terror you realise you are on a collision course with the other machine. You are about to do the classic racing T-bone with over 11 tonnes of bellowing, speeding steel. You have no choice but to steer at the Louie's rear axle and hope it isn't there when you arrive.

Somehow, the bright yellow Ford slides past your door and the road opens up again. Your foot slams to the floor and your machine howls as it gathers speed. There is a race to win and no-one gives a shit about second place.

Welcome to truck racing. It's the wildest form of motor sport on the road today, and it's taking off in Australia in a big way. While the predictability of touring cars and other top-line races, together with the current hard economic times,

has affected attendance figures at most Australian tracks, truck meetings are regularly pulling crowds in excess of 20,000 people. In May this year Tasmania's Baskerville Raceway held its first-ever truck race meeting and organisers were rewarded with the largest crowd seen at a Tasmanian motor race for over 15 years.

And while other forms of motor sport are suffering a decline in the number of competitors, truck racing organisers are struggling to find enough places on the grids to give everyone a run.

From a crude start in Britain in 1984, when a few desperates took their road trucks for a thrash on the circuits, the sport quickly boomed in Europe with spectator attendances exceeding those of Formula One races. European manufacturers such as Mercedes, Volvo and Scania quickly got behind the idea, and now punters can see big-budget factory teams fighting it out for the European Championship.

Truck racing came to Oz back in 1987 with the inaugural meeting held at Melbourne's Calder Raceway. Since then, its popularity has grown to the point where there will be six race meetings in four states in 1992, and the possibility of a National Championship officially sanctioned by the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport (CAMS).

And while developments in Australia have been steady, across the Tasman truck racing threatens to replace rugby as New Zealand's unofficial religion. The sport was only established there in 1989, but even NZ's favorite motor racing son, ex-Formula One World Champion Denny Hulme, has jumped up behind the wheel. Now a former NZ truck racing champion, Hulme delights in telling people that the most fun he's ever had racing is at the wheel of his 1000-plus-hp Scania.

From a spectator's point of view, truck racing is an adrenalin-charged event. However amazing it looks on the box, there is no comparison to being there in person. As the saying goes: "Get your backside trackside." That is, if you want to see something really impressive. It takes a brave man, even behind the comparative safety of metres of earth-filled concrete and catch-fencing, to stand his ground as an out-of-control Kenworth monster slides down the road looking for all the world as if it is going to slam him right between the eyes.

The trucks themselves comply to CAMS regulations and compete in two classes, A and B, depending upon their weight and engine size. Class B is for trucks up to a maximum of 11.95 litres and weighing up to 5500kgs. The massive class A machines run upwards to 18.5 litres and weigh over 6000kgs.

Racing trucks must be of single rear-axle design. In other words, no bogie drives (dual rear-axle trucks, for those who don't know. Bogie drives tend to rip up the track). The

DIESEL AND DUST

CAMS-approved trucks are fitted with compulsory safety equipment — roll-cages, racing seats, harnesses and fire extinguishers. Nomex racing suits and approved helmets must be worn by the drivers.

These trucks are very much removed from the rigs you see working on the highway. They are far more sophisticated and they represent the big-money best of heavy transport technology. Most have automatic gearboxes, special diffs and highly developed motors, pumping out over 1000hp. A few have anti-lock brakes.

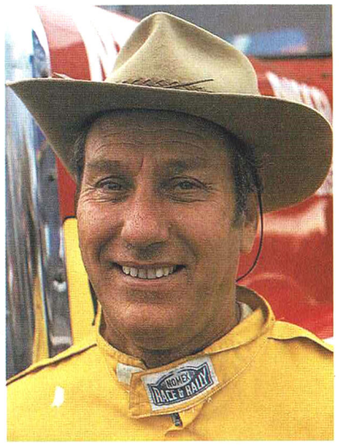
All these extras give the racing truck a serious performance capability. For safety reasons, the top speed permitted during racing is 160 km/h. Most of the top racing trucks however, can exceed this limit by a huge margin. When they've got room to move, the big trucks can hit speeds of around 220-240 km/h.

The drivers come from all walks of life. There are self-made millionaires, small businessmen and wage-earning truckies doing battle against one another on Australian tracks. At one end of the spectrum are the Melbourne-based Porker Brothers. The Porkers come complete with vintage International trucks, caravan and mum slapping together picnic lunches.

In the middle is the SRZ Racing Team — five ordinary working men who pay for their diesel addiction by way of their individual overdrafts and the seemingly inexhaustible patience of their bank managers, wives and girlfriends.

The SRZ team is famous for a long line of incidents, including smashed trucks, roll-overs, blown motors and other misfortunes. But time and again they patch up the pieces and front up, undaunted, to the next meeting. When the SRZ boys do keep it all together, they are always near the front at the end of a day's racing.

Right: Brian Noonan in his modern Scania leads Dennis Gyuer in an archaic Mercedes; Below: Arnold "The Iron Sheik" Ahrenfeld; Bottom: The "Bandag Bullet" truck is recorded in the *Guinness Book Of Records* as doing 104.6km/h from a standing start over the measured quarter-mile.



At the sharp end of the spectrum there is a Forbes-based millionaire, used truck dealer Don "Brute Bernard" Hodge, with his two state-of-the-art racers and the usual entourage of technicians and hangers-on. The Number 18 Don Hodge Motors racing truck, a Kenworth W, is undoubtedly the most successful racing truck in Australia, having won three of the last four Super-Prixs at Sydney's Oran Park Raceway.

The Super-Prix is the holy grail of truck racing. It is run over 25 laps and is a tough-as-guts endurance marathon, considering a normal race lasts between six and eight laps.

Hodge's main rival is 25-year-old Sydney driver, Rodney "Superbrat" Crick. Crick recently won his first Super-Prix at Tasmania's Baskerville Raceway. He has threatened many times to win "a big one" but bad luck and mechanical problems have always robbed him of victory.

Crick steers the Shell/Collins and Davey-sponsored Volvo N12. It's one of Australia's most sophisticated trucks, based on the European factory racer. It benefits from technical information and parts coming down the Swedish pipeline.

You don't have to be a Rhodes Scholar to know that motor sport is expensive. Truck racing is no exception. The top teams are reluctant to talk specifics, but the consensus among people who know is that you need around $250,000 to build, maintain and run a state-of-the-art truck for a season.

This more or less excludes your average bloke from racing his own truck. However, in an attempt to bring down the cost, CAMS has recently approved a new, one-make class of racing truck. Based around the Isuzu SBR, it can be built for $10,000 and campaigned for as little as $5000 a season and remain competitive.

Essentially, the one-design truck will be raced "stock", but the rules enable a competitor who is prepared to carry out some intelligent development work to get it doing very quick lap times — up to 140 km/h. The CAMS plan is to have up to 20 of these budget blasters competing in their own championship.

turkish DELIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO

"People seem to have a stereotyped idea of Turkey as an ancient place," says 24-year-old Beatta Azul, an exotic dancer. "But I grew up in Istanbul, which is a modern city. My family lived in a modern flat and I went to a modern school. No way did we go around in long robes."

Beatta, who travels extensively as part of her job, speaks three languages. "I've danced in clubs in Paris, and in Kuwait before the Gulf War. But the best jobs are aboard private yachts and cruise ships — I get a contract for several months aboard, and get to see the world in the nicest way possible. When not dancing, I work as an au pair."

Beatta says she's happy to remain independent. "Obviously, a lot of men ask me out, but I'm very, very choosy. I won't consider anything but the very best. In that way I'm old fashioned — I'm waiting for the perfect man, and I'll wait for as long as it takes."

TALKING DIRTY

When Mimi agreed to give unusual Italian lessons, she found herself mixed up in something sinister.

The day she met the dentist who wanted to talk dirty in Italian was the day she decided to leave New York.

It was no use. She should never have come in the first place; never have left her comfortable little flat on the Via Arenula, with her own view of the Tiber over the rooftops. And what for? "Love!" She spat the word out scornfully, to the bewilderment of two young black boys walking in the opposite direction as she strode down East 52nd Street, clutching her shopping bag, to her cold rooms on Flatbush Avenue. The smell of the overflowing garbage cans (another strike) all but overpowered the Joy she wore every day of her life.

That was Mimi. Broke, desperate enough to put up a sign in a Supermarket offering Italian lessons, having ended up, once again, with a man around her neck, clinging to her, dragging her down with him, living off her, two-timing her. After pleading with her in hour-long telephone conversations to come to New York, he is lonely, he misses his Mimi, bastard! Bastard! Bastard! Yet she would, each morning, wear her Joy.

So Mimi on the subway, leaning against the filthy wall of the filthy train still clutching her brown paper grocery bag. So. I will leave. That is it. She fumbled in her bag for a cigarette, somehow dragged it out. Madonna. No light. A cigarette lighter appeared in front of her face. It was held by a neat, pressed Brooks Brothers man, a New York type she found boring in their herringbones and buttons down. He smiled charmingly.

"Thank you," she said in what she hoped was disinterested but not impolite manner, betrayed, once again, by her husky voice. He cleared his throat. Now he's going to ask me if I'm Joan Baez.

FICTION BY JOHN NEWTON

ILLUSTRATION BY KERRIE LEISHMAN

TALKING DIRTY

"Excuse me, aaah, I hope you don't mind me asking . . ."

"No." She cut him off abruptly, without looking at him.

"Oh. Ah. Gee. Sorry." He sank back into the graffiti-splattered wall.

They all thought she looked like Joan Baez. Hah. Did she have buck teeth like this Baez? Why did I fall in love with such a stupid self-obsessed man, a man who would leave New York as suddenly as he left Rome, expecting her to scurry after him once again. No. Screw him. This time, he goes alone.

"Why Mallorca?"

"It's warm."

"It is warm. It is warm in New York in the summer. You hate the hot weather."

"Mati is there."

"Mati! Must you run around the world after Aurelio Mati?"

"He has invited me."

"Will you paint better in Mallorca?"

"Yes."

"But you said that of New York."

"And it was true. I have painted my finest works in New York. I will paint even better in Mallorca."

"And sold nothing. How will you live?"

"Mati has money."

"And what of me, your 'lover'," she asked sarcastically.

"You will come. We will make love in the sun, swim in the Mediterranean, drink wine."

"I will not. I am not going to follow you around the world. I have my own work. You can go and rot in hell with Mati and his rum-soaked cronies. To hell with you. I am going back to Rome."

"But you have no money."

"I will teach Italian. I will sell my drawings. Thank you, I do not need you."

She collapsed inside her apartment. The brown paper bag finally broke, spilling tomatoes, fettucine, milk, onions, garlic and cheese all over the floor.

"This," she said to herself as she bent to scoop up the mess, "is the straw that broke the back of the donkey. Or was it an elephant?"

The door cracked three times. Three short, sharp, urgent beats, totally unlike the shuffling mouselike knock of Sergio. These things you remember in New York; these things will save your life. Especially in a building with no security at all. Just two locks and a chain between her and a city full of homicidal maniacs. She looked fearfully up at the door, still crouching amongst the supermarket debris, a plastic bag of swollen and tasteless American tomatoes in her hand, attempting to divine, to feel, to pierce the door, to see who was on the other side.

She dropped the tomatoes, stood silently, slipped on the chain, unlocked both locks, and opened the door a slit. Good God! Another Brooks Brothers creep! This one is carrying — flowers? Mimosa.

"Who are you? I don't know you. What do you want?

The neat man at the door laughed nervously, straightened his tie. His adam's apple bulged in his thin neck. He pushed the flowers at her.

"I saw your sign in the supermarket. I want to learn Italian. It said your name was Mimi. I thought . . . mimosa . . ."

She smiled suddenly, lighting up both his face and hers. Surely, even in New York a rapist wouldn't carry flowers. She slipped the chain, swept open the door, took the flowers, ushered him in. "My first student. Welcome. Listen, I don't have to apologise, you're a New Yorker. Sit. Not on this sofa, you will slide off, it is broken, there. I will get you wine."

The little man sat nervously on the edge of the sofa. His eyes hopped, blinking, around the room, from painting to painting. from drawing to drawing, stopping, finally, on Sergio's gigantic pencil drawings of a vagina. The room was cluttered, crammed with books, paintings, clothes, papers, drawing board, half-finished work. He was a man used to order, precision, neatness. It made him nervous.

"So. You want to learn Italian. Now tell me why."

For the first time she looked at him properly. He was around 45. Definitely Brooks Brothers. He looked like that cartoon character she used to read in the *Herald Tribune* in Rome, what was his name? The father of Dennis The Menace. The same sexless trepidation, the same startled look, like a hare. But with a little madness in his eyes. Who can tell? I don't know. But he will not hurt me. What is he saying?

". . . It's just a hobby, learn a language, visit the country, talk to the locals . . . I try a new one every couple of years. Last it was, ah, German . . ." There was something strange in this story. Something that was not the truth.

"What is your name?"

"Waterman. Lester Waterman. I'm a dentist."

"Aaah, maybe you should look at my teeth. They are terrible."

"You shouldn't smoke so much." She was lighting another, from the first. She shrugged.

"I know. Tell me, why do you really want to learn Italian?"

"I told you, it's a . . ."

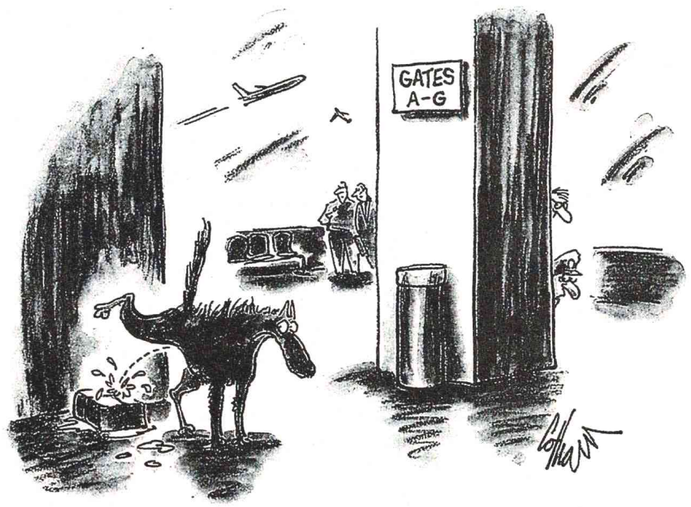
"You told me bullshit."

He slumped. She had deflated him. His chest almost disappeared through his back. He looked up at her with an embarrassed grin on his face.

"Okay, Mimi, I want you to teach me to swear in Italian."

"Swear?"

"Yeah. I want to learn the insults, the blasphemy, all the filthy words for all the



"First he sniffed out the bomb — now he's disarming it!"

The Hideaway Rideaway...

Helmets by Headway Australia.

DAHON *FOLDER*

THE PORTABLE, ROLLABLE, GROWABLE, STOWABLE, HIDEABLE, RIDEABLE, INCREDIBLE DAHON FOLDER.

WORLD'S BEST SELLING FOLDING BICYCLE

"The Dahon Folder" was developed by a team of Californian space engineers and is the world's largest selling folding bicycle. Now available in Australia "The Dahon Folder" is as strong as any bike around, can be adjusted to fit children and adults alike, is lightweight and folds down to 1/8th the size of the average adult bicycle. Its ingenious gearing system means that one turn of the pedals takes you the same distance as a large wheel model. "The Dahon Folder" comes in three models, all have front and rear brakes and reflectors. Optional extras include Sturmey Archer gears and a rear luggage rack.

If you are a serious cyclist or ride for the fun of it "The Dahon Folder" is the bike for you.

TWO YEAR FRAME WARRANTY

Model P201
Front and rear brakes, kickstand, mudguards **$399**

Model P203
As above PLUS 3 speed Sturmey Archer gears, rear rack **$499**

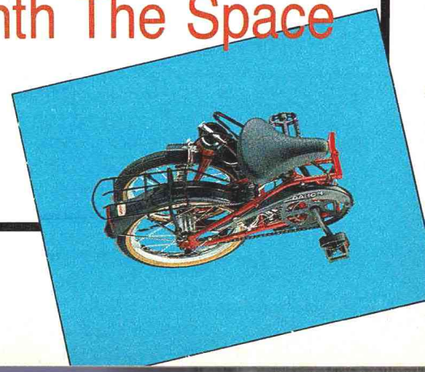
Model EP203
As above PLUS dual extension seat post for extra 7cm height (person height to 190cm), extra sprung saddle, castor wheel for rolling when folded, folding pedal, mushroom grips, light alloy brakes **$599**

Colours **P201/P203** red/black **EP203** red/blue

Available from the sole Australian distributor or contact this office for a dealer near you.

Californian Bicyclist Magazine said
"This bicycle is the best thing since running shoes."

Rides Like A Big Bike
At One Tenth The Space



Sole Distributor W.C. Wedderspoon Pty Ltd. 3 Ford Street Chullora NSW 2190.
Telephone (02) 642 2595. Fax (02) 642 8608. VIC (03) 428 5135. QLD (075) 30 2999.
WA (Mobile) (018) 91 8883.

TALKING DIRTY

filthy creeps. I want to talk dirty in Italian." He breathed a sigh of relief. Mimi shifted uncomfortably in her seat. She coughed. Should she ring Sergio? Is this a mad one? She needed time to think.

"You want more wine? This is a nice wine, yes? It is Frascati. It comes from Tuscany, not far from where my father had a little country place. You have been to Italy? Okay, Lester. I can call you Lester? Why do you want to talk dirty in Italian?"

"Look. Is it too much to ask? I can go somewhere else. I don't want to offend you. If it would be easier with a man . . ."

"No, it is not that. I am a Roman, Lester. We Romans can swear, believe me. But I cannot teach you to swear without teaching you the language. You must learn the grammar."

She stopped, and looked across at him. He was leaning forward. He looked angry. Not at her — it was an anger focussed on a distant object. It seemed to her as if her hesitation was an obstacle in the way of some large plan that he had laid out carefully.

"Look. I don't care how much it costs. Just teach me to talk dirty."

"Signor, I may not be wealthy, but I tell you this. I will teach you Italian, proper Italian, for five dollars an hour. If during the course of these lessons an improper word or phrase occurs to me, I will teach it to you. For the same five dollars an hour. Nothing more. Nothing less. If that does not suit you, you may find another teacher."

He smiled, sank back in his seat. She had dissolved the tension with her hauteur.

"Okay, Mimi. It's a deal. You teach me proper Italian. But quickly."

They started that day. He was a good if impatient pupil. Quick, clever, with a good grasp of pronunciation, of the silences of a language. During the next weeks, they built up a routine. They worked Wednesdays and Fridays, for three hours. He would come at six. At the end of each lesson, he would give her not 15 but 20 dollars. That first day, she chased him down the corridor to give him the five dollars change. He refused it.

What could she say? She took the money, putting it away for her flight home to Rome. Her job typing copy at *Il Progresso* paid her food and board. Her Italian lessons would take her home. And Lester was her only pupil.

And so each Wednesday and Friday she would sit in her little room with Lester fidgeting and sweating, going through the motions of learning Italian grammar, irregular verbs, sentence construction and vocabulary. She could tell his heart was not in it. He would jump up, pace the room. During the second or third week he began to smoke her cigarettes. By the fourth week, he bought his own and a pack for her. She began to learn a few things about him. She was curious about this man. After each lesson, she would make cups of strong Roman coffee, and they would talk; she would tell him about Italy, and question him, surreptitiously, about his life, and his work. She found that he was, apparently, a very good dentist, with a practice on Madison Avenue, counting amongst his patients the wealthy, famous and influential. He taught at the New York School of Dentistry. He was married, with two children, an apartment in Manhattan and a country house in Vermont.

"How can I make that an order?" he would ask if she had taught him the polite way to ask for something. "What swear word can I add to that?" He was always in there, pushing.

Occasionally, she would ask him why he wanted to swear in Italian. He would always give the same evasive answer.

> "I want to learn the insults, the blasphemy, all the filthy words for all the filthy creeps . . ."

"It's a hobby, Mimi. I can swear in fifteen languages. I want to add the sixteenth."

Soon, she forgot to worry about it. She treated him as a friend, a strange friend whose preoccupation was just one of the strange things that you accept from a friend. She had other things to worry about.

Sergio for one. Why did she ever become involved with such a man? It seemed to her that the men in her life had all been deficient in the simple ability to run their lives. With Renzo, it was drugs. With Sergio, women. Now Sergio was waiting for Mati (another useless one) to send money so that he could go to Mallorca. Sergio had run out of money, had sold no paintings at his show. Sure, the critics loved him. Oh, and he had sold one or two little drawings to the wives of wealthy men, the wives that he had been sleeping with, but nothing. And now he was importuning Mimi for money to pay his rent. She would eat at his apartment once, twice a week, and occasionally sleep there. But it was impossible. Last time, she had found the panties of another woman in his bed. He had looked sheepish, muttered something about lending the bed to a friend, but she could see that he was pleased with himself. Let him sleep with his lace-pantied secretaries, his bored Long Island wives. She did not need him.

On this night she had been to Sergio's for dinner. He had cooked surplis and artichokes. The artichokes had reminded her of her favorite restaurant in Rome. The thought made her almost weak with homesickness. She felt so proud and fortunate to be Roman. She remembered once, flying home, listening to two American women peering out of the plane, saying: "Oh Martha, imagine if this was our home town instead of Peoria!" She at once sympathised with them and felt a surge of pride. Rome!

Sergio was a good cook and a good painter. And a total failure at everything else concerned with being an adult. She suspected that the little girl of the frothy lace panties had been there not too long before she herself arrived but, she surprised herself, she did not care. He had whined all through dinner, had asked her for money and had, when she refused him, attempted to take her to bed. When she had rebuffed him, he had broken down and cried. She had left him, snivelling, on the bed. She felt strong. She did not need him. She needed only Rome.

Now she lay in her single bed reading the *New Yorker*. It was perhaps one in the morning — she did not know. And there it was again, making her leap in her bed, that staccato knock. The knock of Lester. She left the bed, pulled on a gown and went to the door.

"Lester?" she whispered through it.

"Mimi! Let me in. Please!" He sounded desperate. She shot the chain, unlocked the locks, swung open the door. He fell into the room, on to the sofa. He looked terrible. Unshaven, dishevelled, as though he had slept in his Brooks Brothers suit. She tried to stay calm.

"I will get you some coffee."

It came pouring out of him in a torrent, as though he had been damming up these words for days, practising them to himself.

"Teach me to say, 'You dirty lying thieving scumbag arsehole,' teach me to say 'You bastard, you prick', teach me all the most disgusting words, curses, insults you know. Now Mimi! Jesus Christ, Mimi, you *must* help me!"

Her heart went out to him. He was in such pain. He sat there, smoking cigarette after cigarette, still clumsily, like a schoolboy smoking behind the toilet. She made him coffee. She sat down beside him and gave him a lesson in the Italian language of the gutter.

"Repeat, slower, *va fun-culo, va fun-culo.*"

"*Va foon-coolo, va foon-coolo. Va funculo. Va funculo. VA FUNCULO! VA FUNCULO! . . . VA FU . . .*"

Continued on page 78

PAULINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

Pet Of The Month Pauline Nichols is an outdoor girl who gets a big kick out of life. "I love to run and swim and go for long walks in the bush," she says. "I also enjoy going out, but I'm a health nut, so I don't drink a lot." Pauline hasn't any particular profession. "I'm too busy trying out all the different things that life has to offer."

LIVEWIRE

Pauline is keen to travel. "I'd like to see the world," she laughs. "The difficult thing is to make up my mind where to go first! I'd like to spend time in Tuscany — in Florence, especially, and in the old cities of France, such as Avignon. But I also want to go to wild places — to Africa and South America."

Pauline would eventually like to get into the movie business. "I watch heaps of movies, and I loved *Dances With Wolves*." And men? She giggles. "IF they look like Kevin Costner, right now, or maybe Jim Morrison, then I'm interested! I haven't got anyone special at the moment. I move around too much to have a settled relationship, and I want to keep my options open."

Cyclist Martin Vinnicombe has his own game-plan and he'll hammer the hell out of anybody who gets in his way

solo man

PHOTOS BY LIVE ACTION
PROFILE BY ROY MASTERS

Martin Vinnicombe, 26, is the Dr Hannibal Lector of his sport. Australia's best-ever time trial cyclist, disqualified from amateur cycling for two years in June for taking anabolic steroids, and now racing professionally in the United States, shares with Anthony Hopkins, the lead in the movie *Silence Of The Lambs*, some brutal traits: a love of solitude, an overwhelming desire to be the best, specialised intelligence, a disdain for the less gifted, savage strength, preoccupation with long-term planning and an obsession for detail.

While Vinnicombe has no disposition to cannibalise his victims, as the ruthless

solo man

serial killer did in the film, he has a hypnotic intensity that both frightens and attracts. At the 1988 Seoul Olympics women journalists admitted to being drawn by his cruel intensity. They found his fierce visage, as he sped around the velodrome in helmet and tight pants, sexually alluring in the extreme. Many were transfixed by the sight of Vinnicombe on his Royal Star Ultra Lite bike in his familiar tuck position, helmet cutting through the wind, glancing up only to read lap times, as if he were a swimmer pushing a kickboard, pausing only to breathe.

Relay this to Vinnicombe and he is faintly amused. "I have to win," he says. "I have to look like that to win." Yet strangely, when asked if he is a mean bastard, he says: "No, I'm not a mean bastard. When I have to race, I have to win. You're out there just to hammer the shit out of everyone who gets in your way."

Maybe the vicious cycling face is a mask to intimidate opponents. Vinnicombe admits he enjoys role play. "I'd like to get into acting," he says, looking like an impassive Anthony Hopkins. "I've done a few things on the stage and Noel Ferrier has asked me to contact him if I want to pursue it. I've done a lot of camera work and I've done a fair bit of modelling and stuff, so I don't think the switch would be difficult."

Vinnicombe's specialised event is the 1000m time trial. No opponents, just him and the clock. Flying around the velodrome, Vinnicombe and bike are seamless, like a champion jockey and horse, inextricably linked. Though he does not compete on the same track at the same time as his opponents, he still alienates them. Like Australia's best-ever cricketer, Don Bradman, and the American baseballer, Ty Cobb, the 25-year-old Vinnicombe is the hard man of cycling. While the Don and Cobb never took performance-enhancing drugs, they share with Vinnicombe the quality of being brilliant loners who allowed neither man nor scruples to interfere with their ambitions.

The better and faster Vinnicombe cycles, the worse he gets along with others. Before leaving for the US and his fateful drug test in Allentown, Pennsylvania, he said: "I've had trouble with different riders all the way through, accusing me of drug-taking. If steroids hadn't been heard of there would have been something else, like belting sheilas or stealing something."

"If steroids hadn't been heard of there would have been something else, like belting sheilas or stealing."

When Vinnicombe was reported for allegedly offering steroids for sale, the Australian Sports Commission (ASC) investigated. The tribunal included some of the top men in Australian sport: ASC chairman Ted Harris, deputy chair and Australian Olympic Committee President John Coates, and 1960 Rome Olympics gold medallist Herb Elliott. They could not budge Vinnicombe, who denied the allegations, but Elliott later commented: "His knowledge of drugs was encyclopaedic." Vinnicombe said of the incident: "The accusation was originally made in 1987, I think. I mean, people quite often look for excuses for their own lack of performance, lack of ability, lack of dedication, whatever.

"So there had to be an excuse why I'm better than them. A cyclist on our team reported me for supposedly offering steroids for sale. If they can blame a small tablet, they will. That's the stupid thing about it because all the equipment and all the drugs are available to everyone. I think it hurts them more if you just leave it, then come out and beat the shit out of them, because you're being the good guy by not doing anything. It's not easy to just go and belt shit out of them but it's much harder for them to accept you being nice to them and sharing a room with them and not even talking about it. If they want it, they can go out and get it. Nine times out of ten, the accusers are the people who are taking the drugs."

Those words came back to haunt him when officials from the Canadian Anti-Doping Authority tracked him to his Pennsylvanian motel on May 25, staying overnight in his room and then testing him the next morning on the eve of an out-of-competition meet. The drug detected was Stanozolol, the same brand of steroid found in Ben Johnson's urine after the 100m sprinter's gold medal performance at the 1988 Olympics. The test took place at the request of the Australian Sport Drug Agency (ASDA) in line with the tripartite agreement between Australia, Canada and the United Kingdom signed by Federal Sports Minister, Ros Kelly, late last year.

Vinnicombe was unrepentant. "They were after me. They wanted to fuck me. In one year in Australia I was tested 17 times. I would have been the most tested athlete in the world." If most amateur cyclists are like the family dog, falling over themselves to win affection from officials and the press, Vinnicombe is the family cat, coolly disinterested.

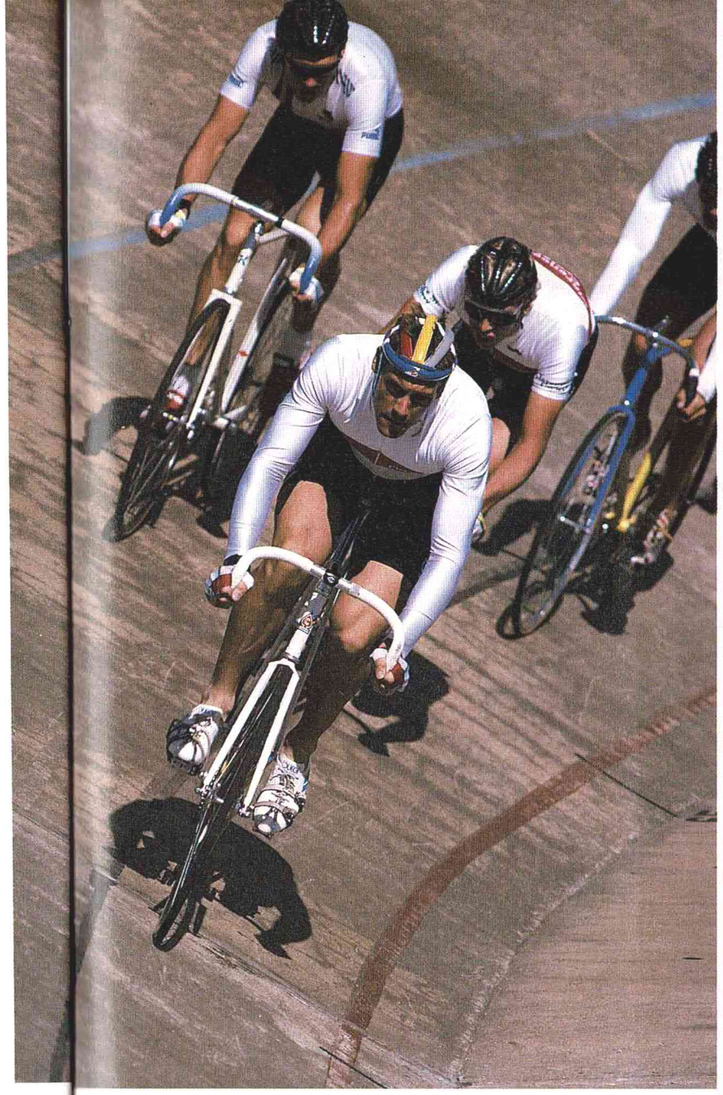
The point about Vinnicombe is that he always has a *modus operandum*. When the Canadian officials advised him they had been informed by an International Olympic Committee-accredited laboratory in Montreal that his "A" sample was positive, they invited him to witness the unsealing and analysis of the "B" sample. He declined because he already had another game plan. Nine days later he made the dual announcement of his decision to turn pro with the US "pedal for pay" circuit and marry an American girl, Lucy Tyler.

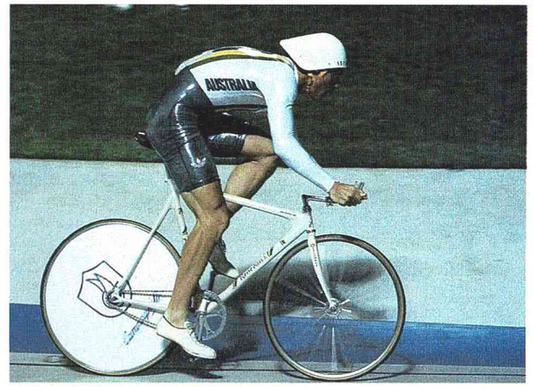
Vinnicombe knew his drug test would attract an automatic two-year ban from the Australian Amateur Cycling Federation and also that the Australian Professional Cycling Council would invoke the same suspension. To gain a licence with US Pro he had to have a current Australian amateur or professional licence or be an American citizen. By marrying Florida girl Tyler, he would meet the latter qualification. "I will be marrying Lucy in four weeks," Vinnicombe said immediately after news of his positive test became public. He then declared: "I'm banned from amateur cycling, not professional cycling, so they can get fucked."

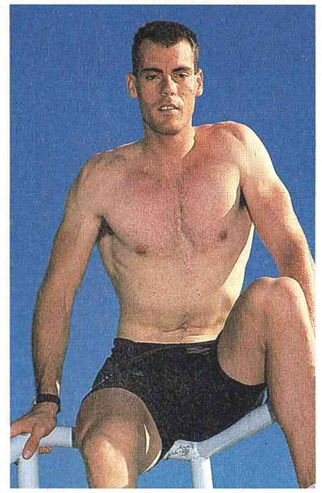
US Pro have very light penalties for positive drug tests: a three-month suspended sentence and a $2000 fine. In fact, wife Tyler, an outstanding cyclist, has already received two suspensions from US Pro for taking performance-enhancing drugs. So the man who won medals at every world championship, Olympic and Commonwealth Games since 1985 and was Australia's best cycling gold medal chance at next year's Barcelona Olympics circumvented the penalty system. Sure, he was disappointed at not being able to ride in last August's World Championships in Stuttgart, Germany and in the Barcelona Olympics, especially after winning a silver medal in Seoul.

"That's the frustrating thing about it all," he says. "It's unfortunate it's happened. But I'm not going to let it worry me." Instead, he is looking to the rich rewards of the American Pro tour. "There are races in America worth 25 to 50 grand and I'm talking American dollars," he said.

Although the latest evidence links Vinnicome to massive steroid use as far back as 1986, ostensibly the reason he abused the drug was to catch his nemesis, the Soviet cyclist Alexandre Kiritchrenko, who beat him at the world titles in Maebashi, Japan and also took the gold medal from him at the Seoul Olympics. Vinnicombe, who set a world record of 1 minute 2.823 seconds in the 1000m time trial in 1989, was desperate to catch the world number one. He said before he left Australia, where he was able to squat 505lbs three times and bench press 330lbs twice: "I've worked so hard, I've calculated the whole lot through. Calculated how I am going to train, calculated day-by-day everything. Every single aspect of it, and right at the very end, this whole thing that I'd sorted out for myself worked. Me, an individual against countries like East Germany or Russia who have people to do all those things, and it's good to be able to show that you can do it against those odds."







Vinnicombe's fierce intensity, physicality and ruthless hunger to win have resulted in an image that inspires fear and loathing in his competitors and sexual attraction in women.

However, the man who is stately cool and has the accuracy of Price Waterhouse miscalculated the timing of his test. ASDA officials had been chasing Vinnicombe for five weeks before he left the country. He was never quite where they expected him to be. But the man who is so intelligent he reads the morning papers to see what was left out didn't expect the Canadians to test him in a remote part of Pennsylvania. He calculated his next test would be in Europe in the lead-up races to the World Championship, allowing time for all traces of the steroid to pass from his system. This is why he said after the positive test: "I don't know what the reading for Stanozolol was, but it wouldn't have been high."

Vinnicombe's desperation to beat the Soviet cyclist was based on his absolute conviction that a coaching error cost him a gold medal in Seoul. He says, sounding like the self-sufficient Dr Hannibal Lector: "That was the biggest mistake I ever made . . . listening to someone else. I got to the track in Seoul and I looked at the air, then I spoke to Charlie Walsh [the Australian cycling coach] and said, 'It's pretty still at the moment, pretty warm.' There was no cloud. Two hours before the race I looked at the weather and nominated the gear I should use. Charlie agreed. On a day like that it should have been all right.

"But you'd expect the people around you, who are advising you at the time, to be conscious of climate changes. I should have been, but I was downstairs most of the time, warming up, and I didn't really get to see the temperature changing. There was so much concentration I had to do, and I was really warm because I always rug right up, sweat like anything, so I didn't really feel the temperature.

"I jumped on the bike and went 70m on it and I knew I was in trouble. I just had to give it everything I had. Twenty-seven hundredths of a second is what I lost by. We made some calculations that I should have ridden six or seven-tenths faster."

Vinnicombe is critical of the Institute and Walsh's method of coaching: "My event's an individual event. I don't have to care for anyone else, whereas the Institute [the Australian Institute of Sport's satellite in Adelaide] really should care about the kids that it's taking out of high school, the kids who want to be bike-riders.

"When they're 19 or 20 and finished, they can't go into an apprenticeship because they're too old. Their careers and lives are basically stuffed from then on. What are they going to be — salesmen or shelf stackers at K Mart?

"That's one thing that pisses me off about the Institute. They pull these kids out of their schools and work the guts out

Continued on page 128

ADRENALIN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY

SUZE RANDALL

Danielle and Randy had met on set during the making of a video. Danielle was there as a dancer, while Randy was there to do driving stunts for the lead man. Danielle had seen some of Randy's stunts and was impressed. When she wandered up to him and introduced herself, he couldn't believe his luck.

"Tell me," Danielle said, much later, "how do you do that trick where you drive along on two wheels?" "Oh, that's easy," Randy said nonchalantly. "I just shut my eyes and say a few mantras." "Well," she said, "let's try it now." Randy soon found he needed more than mantras to get his adrenalin under control while Danielle explored the finer points of dynamic driving.

TALKING DIRTY

Continued from page 54

"Sssh, Lester, quietly, you'll wake the world!"

"*Va funculo,*" he whispered, once more, and stopped, staring into space. Finally, he reached into his jacket pocket.

"Mimi. Do me a favor. Keep this."

He pulled out a gun. A huge black ugly gun. A *pistola!* She had never seen such a gun before, never a real gun, like this, in the hand of a man that she knew. If he had reached inside his trousers and pulled out his penis, it would have shocked her less.

"Lester! Why do you carry such a thing?"

"Just look after it for me, please Mimi. Okay? I'll come by later for it."

She looked at him. And at the gun. She realised that she was terrified of the gun, but not of Lester. He did not seem to her capable of hurting anyone. He got up and left, left the gun sitting there, on the table, with the *New Yorker,* an Italian-English dictionary and a vase of calendulas. She sat there staring at it for a long while, not knowing what to do with it. She rang Sergio.

"Lester came here just now. He left a gun."

"A gun?"

"Yes. It is black and ugly. I am frightened of it. What shall I do?"

"What do I know of guns? I am a painter, not a *mafioso.*"

"And he is a dentist."

"A dentist with a gun. Put it in the refrigerator. I will come tomorrow and we will decide what to do with it."

It seemed like a good idea to her. She picked the gun up by the barrel, very gingerly, and carried it to the kitchen, as though it were a dangerous sleeping animal, placing it carefully at the back of the refrigerator, behind a carton of buttermilk. Sergio came the next day to look at it. They stood peering at it, almost reverently, by the light of the refrigerator.

"What did he leave it here for?" he asked.

"He wanted me to look after it for him."

"Is he crazy?"

"A little. But I like him."

"So look after it."

For two weeks, the gun sat behind the buttermilk. The buttermilk turned to curd, but the gun did not change. She did not want to move it, could not bring herself to touch it; her dreams were full of fear of it. Every time Lester came for his lessons, she would ask about the gun.

"Lester, please, you must take it. I cannot sleep in the house with it."

"Soon, Mimi, please, just a couple of days longer, please."

At the end of the second week, Lester asked her to come for the weekend to his house in Vermont, with his wife. He said that he wanted to repay her for her kindness, and that he had a surprise there for her, an agreeable surprise.

"Oh, and Mimi, please bring the gun with you."

She could see no reason why not. She was sick of New York, needed a break, and besides, the gun was finally going. He picked her up outside her place later that night in his station wagon.

He was alone.

"Where is your wife?"

"She's there already. Do you have the gun?"

She had wrapped it in a brown paper bag. She took it from her overnight bag and passed it to him. He took it out of the bag and slid it deep into the glovebox, behind the car's logbook.

"It's cold," he said, surprised, as he felt it. "Where'd you keep it, in the icebox?"

"Yes," she said.

He looked at her strangely. She lit a cigarette.

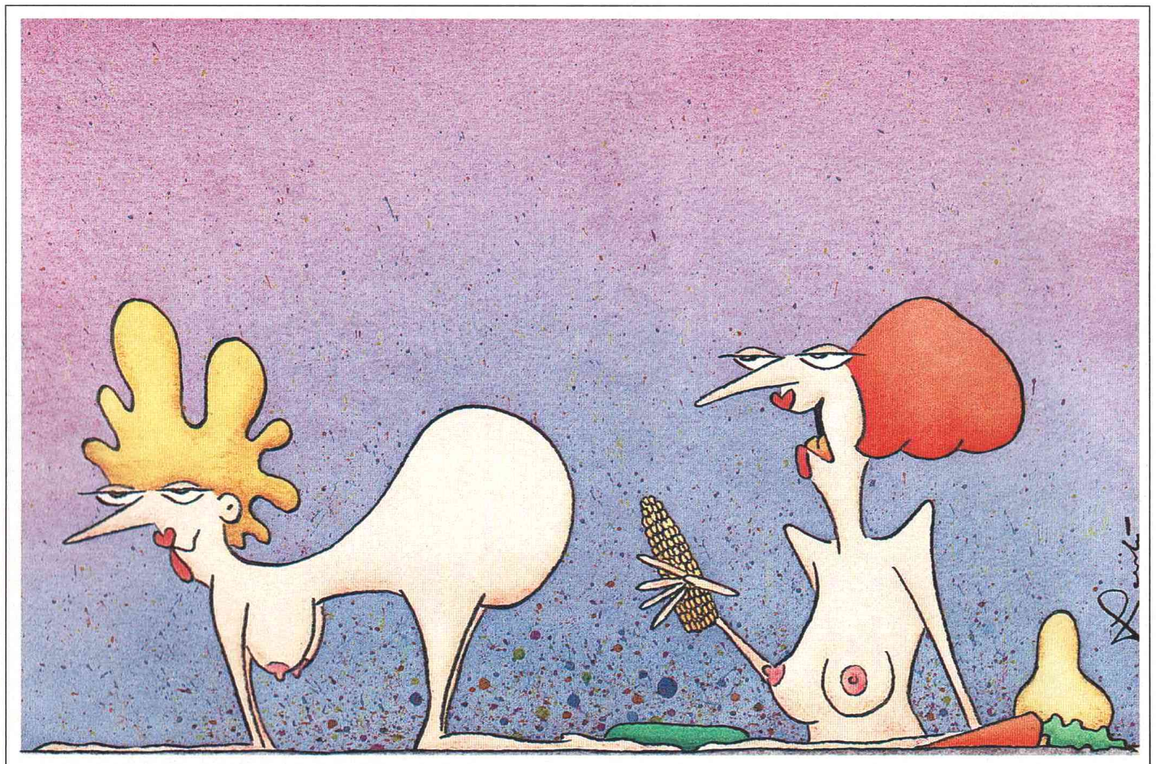
"What is the gun for, Lester?" It was the first time she had asked.

"Self-protection. There are a lot of skunks in New York, Mimi. With a gun, at least I feel I've got a chance." He paused, then looked across at her. "How do you say 'skunk' in Italian?"

"*Moffeta. Una moffeta.*"

"*Moffetta. Moffeta.*"

The Waterman place in Vermont was



Okay smartie, let's see if you can guess this one."

You'll have 'em by the Short 'n Curlies

Do business 90's style with a cellular phone from the experts, Strathfield Car Radios. Your team and clients need never be out of touch. No matter what the time of day, the lines of communication will always be open.

Strathfield Car Radios carries Australia's largest range of mobile communications including in-car phones, handhelds and transportable models. Choose from leading brands like • Audiovox • Motorola • Nokia • Phillips • President • Technophone • Uniden

Remember when it comes to business Grab em by their Short & Curlies with your mobile phone from Strathfield Car Radios.

Strathfield Car Radios
(02) 747 7777
FURTHER ENQUIRIES CALL TOLL FREE (008) 221 010
SCHACHER HAMILTON BROWN SCR6119
Stores in NSW, Victoria—plus a network of affiliates throughout Australia

TALKING DIRTY

hardly a holiday cottage. It was a split-level wooden house built on the edge of a valley, with a view from the glass-fronted living area all the way down through a grove of maples to a silver stream running gently along the valley floor. She met his wife, Joanne. Just before meeting her, at the front door, Lester had whispered hurriedly: "Mimi, for God's sake, don't tell Jo about the dirty Italian!" He got it out just in time. The door was opened, and there she was. A thin, nervous woman, pretty, with her nerve endings showing in the lines of her neck and her jumping fingers. She was especially nervous of Lester. Lester was nervous of her. This in turn made Mimi nervous.

After she had settled in, Lester invited her down to his workshop.

"Your surprise, Mimi," he said, ushering her past him.

It was. The workshop turned out to be a fully equipped and shining modern dental surgery. He put her in the chair, slipped a nitrous oxide mask over her face, headphones full of Mozart over her ears, and filled three of her teeth. Mimi had never had nitrous oxide. She was overwhelmed.

"Now I shall look forward to the dentist. That is better than marijuana," she told him as he cleaned up and cleared away his instruments, slowly and methodically. He laughed. She liked seeing Lester here, in his world. He was different — in control, calm, competent. He somehow seemed to her a bigger man in his surgery.

Dinner was, as it had promised to be, a nervous affair. Mimi talked and talked, to fill in the gaps. She felt, with this secret hovering over them, as though she had slept with Lester, and was now dining with his wife. She hated to be compromised like that. Joanne politely asked her about Rome, why she had come to New York, about her work, about Sergio, whose exhibition at Castelli, it turned out, she had seen.

"But you bought nothing."

"No. I thought they were wonderful paintings. Self-assured, relaxed, confident. But in all that, a little daunting."

"Unlike Sergio," muttered Mimi to her wine glass.

"Would you like some coffee, Mimi? I'm afraid it won't be as good as yours. Mimi makes the most wonderful coffee, Joanne."

"Does she, darling?"

"But of course you'd know about that. Roman coffee is so much stronger than American coffee, isn't it, Joanne?" snapped Lester, suddenly irritated by something that missed both his wife and Mimi.

"Well, I'll make some American coffee," trilled Joanne, rising quickly, leaving the room.

"She's very pretty, your wife," Mimi said, to fill the silence that followed Joanne's exit. Lester, who had been staring at the door Joanne had disappeared through, turned, as if suprised to see Mimi, as if realising for the first time that she was there.

"She is? Yes, she is, isn't she? You know Mimi, we've been married 12 years, and I had forgotten, until about six weeks ago, to look at her. She is pretty, isn't she?" He sat there, looking out after her, in self-absorbed silence.

The weekend was pleasant only when she managed to get outside for a walk on her own. Walking through the forest reminded her of being in Tuscany. She had forgotten the feeling of being dwarfed by trees, having spent so long in New York.

On the Sunday night he drove her back to New York. When they stopped outside her building, he handed her an envelope.

"I won't be needing any more lessons, Mimi. Thank you for everything. Take care."

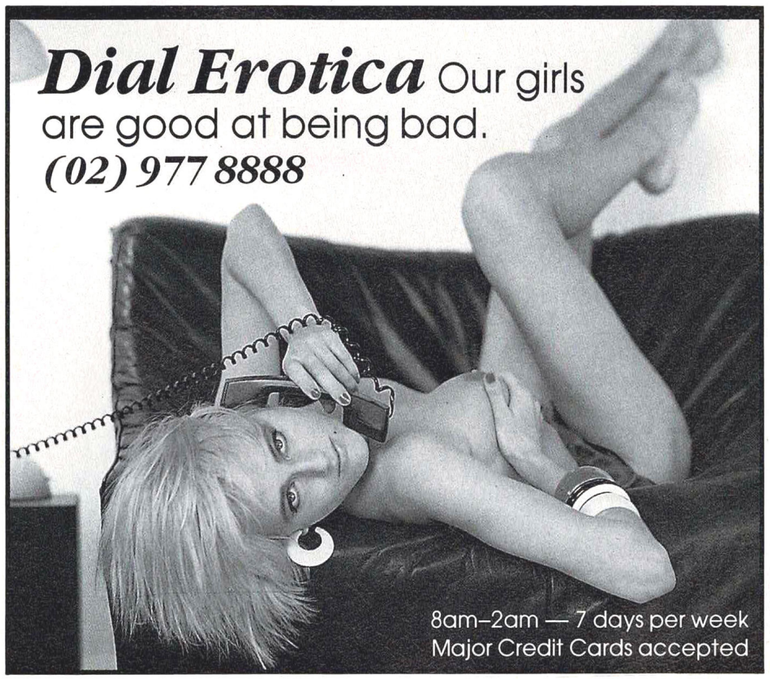
He kissed her lightly on the forehead, and drove off. When she was inside her flat, she opened the envelope. In it was $500, a fortune to her. For a moment she was angry. It was too much. He was buying her off. The anger subsided, as she realised it was enough for the fare to Rome. More than enough. She was elated. Then she noticed another envelope, on it the handwriting of Sergio. She ripped it open.

"*Carissima Mia*," it began, "it arrived! The money from Mati. There is a flight today. You will see me there. You will write to me. I will be staying with Mati. I cover your body with kisses. *Ciao bella*. Your lover, Sergio."

Tears welled up in her eyes. She brushed them away furiously. He is useless. Mati is useless. They deserve each other, and their stupid island. To hell with him. I am going home! Two envelopes, one containing escape, the other, good riddance.

The next morning she bought the *New York Daily Post* on her way to *Il Progresso*. On the subway, she opened it. There on page one was a photograph of Lester, beneath a towering headline: "DENTIST DRILLS WIFE'S LOVER." Lester! A murderer! She could not believe her eyes. And yet, there it was. She read the full story. He had burst into the hotel room of Maurizio Spinellone, an officer on an Italian cruise ship, and had shot him with a Smith & Wesson .45. In a statement to the police, Waterman had said that Spinellone and his wife had been having an affair for 12 months. They had met on a cruise ship, a cruise that Waterman and his wife had taken as a second honeymoon.

She saw it all. Lester, little nervous Lester, dishevelled, sweating, his eyes blinking furiously behind his big black glasses, bursting in on this Italian lover, screaming at him all the insults, the filthy words that she had taught him, pulling the trigger of the gun, still cold, perhaps, from her refrigerator. Lester, bottling up his anger, his hate, planning this moment, muttering these words to himself in his car on the way over to the hotel. His poor thin wife in tears. The hapless Italian, dead. Lester, the dentist, in jail. She broke down on the subway and cried. An old man comforted her; everyone else moved away. She got off at Times Square and booked a flight to Mallorca.



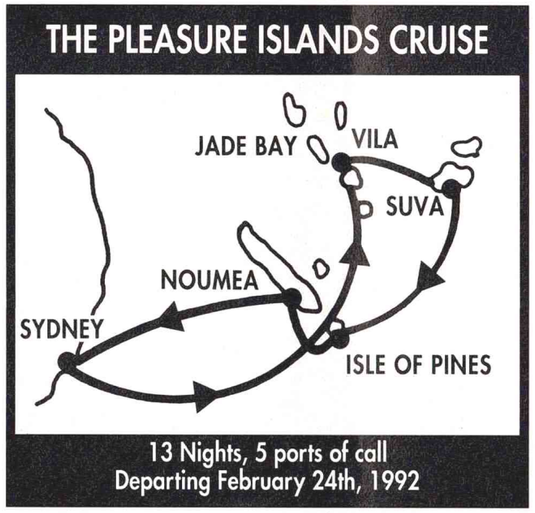
enter the
Gateway Club
Night and Day
474 Parramatta Rd Petersham Sydney • Private Rear Entrance • Parking in Queen St
Credit Cards Accepted • Escorts Available • (02) 560 8129 • 568 3597

Win a Pleasure Islands Cruise!

Subscribe or extend your subscription
to Australian Penthouse

BLACK LABEL

and your cares could sail away on the
Pleasure Islands Cruise for you and
your partner valued at over $2,800



Simply subscribe or extend your subscription to the Black Label edition by phone or mail and you will automatically be entered in the draw to win this exciting tropical cruise from Achille Lauro. You will also ensure that you receive the most explicit edition of Australian Penthouse, including 16 extra pictorial pages and the exclusive "couples pictorials" delivered discreetly to your address.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. The competition is open only to Australian residents taking out or renewing a subscription before last mail or 5 p.m. on 29.11.91. Entries received after the closing date will not be included. Employees or the immediate families of Horwitz Grahame Pty Ltd., Starlauro Cruises and their advertising agencies are ineligible to enter.
2. South Australian residents need not take out or renew a subscription to enter but may enter once by sending a hand drawn facsimile of a coupon with their name and address to Australian Penthouse P.O. Box 32 Cammeray, N.S.W. 2062.
3. The prize is not exchangeable and may not be converted to cash.
4. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
5. Description of the competition and instructions on how to enter form a part of the competition conditions.
6. The competition commences 09.09.91 and closes last mail on 29.11.91. The draw will take place in offices of Australian Penthouse on 04.12.91 and the winner will be notified by mail. The winner will also be announced in a later issue of Australian Penthouse in the Loose Ends section.
7. The prize is a 12 night, 4 port cruise for two on the Achille Lauro "Pleasure Islands Cruise" departing Sydney Mon. 24th February 1992, accommodation inside twin cabin on main deck and includes all meals. The prize excludes transfers to and from Sydney, any beverages, activities not part of the Achille Lauro package, costs incurred whilst in port and travel insurance. Total value of prize $2,820.00.
8. The promoter is P.H. Editorial Services, 506 Miller St., Cammeray, N.S.W., 2062. N.S.W. Permit No TC91/. ACT Permit No: TP91/. VIC Permit No: 91/. NT Permit No: NT/91.

CALL OUR HOTLINE NOW
FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS

Sydney: **(02) 922 7179.** Elsewhere in Australia: **008 227 236**
Or mail this coupon to: REPLY PAID 1 Australian Penthouse,
P.O. Box 32, Cammeray NSW 2062

YES, I wish to enter the Achille Lauro competition please
accept my: ☐ subscription
☐ extend my subscription
TO THE BLACK LABEL EDITION for
☐ **$74* for 12 months** ☐ **$144 for 24 months**

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY
Name: ..... (INITIALS) (SURNAME)
Address: .....
..... P/Code .....

I enclose a cheque/money order for A$ .....
OR charge my ☐ Bankcard ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard
☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Cardholder's Name: .....
Cardnumber: ..... Exp. Date .....
Signature: .....

*Offer only applicable in Australia to persons over 18 years of age, includes postage and handling. Overseas surface mail A$100. STC 697

CHILD'S PLAY

Continued from page 30

and piss off. I hate the bludgers who come up here on heat with their dicks hanging out. I use them to get high — they use me to get off. But I'm honest about what I do and why I do it."

Cindy finishes off her coffee, gets to her feet and suddenly appears agitated. "I've gotta go. I'm feeling sick right now and I need to score again." She leaves without so much as a goodbye. Later we spot her climbing into a car driven by a mug in a suit.

Around the corner, Laura has just finished servicing a client in a nearby rented room. She's nothing like Cindy. "In fact," she says in her cultured accent, "you could say I've got a perfect family history. My Dad's a wealthy businessman. My Mum was a social butterfly. They split up when I was fairly young. I got sent to the best boarding schools in Sydney because neither of them could be bothered with me. Mum had her boyfriends and Dad had his business."

Laura's parents still have no idea what she does for a living. She told them she was working as a secretary and they believe it.

"It had never crossed my mind to do this until about 12 months ago. Before that the rich boys I knew were taking me to ritzy restaurants in their expensive cars. I suppose I was like my mother — an unpaid prostitute. So when I turned 16 I decided to start charging."

Laura is tall and slim, nudging six foot in her sneakers. A pretty brunette, she's not so much a stunner as she is cute. But her looks and manners combine to earn her top dollars, sometimes $1000 a night. "But I don't work every night. Only when I need the bread or feel like a buzz."

She's dabbled in drugs but says she was never addicted and no longer uses them.

"I'm doing this purely for the money and I won't be doing it much longer." Unlike Cindy, there's no hint of sadness in her tone. On the contrary, she appears quite content doing what she's doing.

Laura describes her first foray into prostitution as "a bloody laugh. It was some little Asian man and I thought to myself, if people want to pay for my body that's fine — it's a joke. I got $140 and I thought, well, if some fucker wants to pay that much to screw me, let him pay — I'll gladly profit out of it. I've got to pay bills off, man. I don't care."

Laura, too, has had a client ask her to "shit in his mouth." But unlike Cindy, she did it.

"The mug gave me 200 bucks for it. I laughed and thought, 'You stupid fuck!' I couldn't have given a shit," she says, instantly realising the irony of her comment as she breaks into laughter.

Laura also tells of clients who like to be tied up and beaten, get her to dress up in school gear, and others who like to be whipped and told they've been "naughty boys."

"When it comes to sex with clients I totally turn off. What goes through my mind is shopping lists — what I'm going to spend my money on and how I'm going to make my life better. And I think about what this stupid idiot is doing, paying me big money to suck his dick. That's why they're called mugs — because they are!

"But at home with a boyfriend I really enjoy sex. When I have a boyfriend I give him everything I've got."

Laura tells of clients who offer her and the other teenage girls double their normal fee and more to provide sex without having to use condoms.

"There's no way I'd do it. I'm not prepared to risk AIDS for an extra hundred. I just tell them there's no party without a balloon. Mind you, there are some girls so addicted to drugs they can't resist the offer of extra money. I try to counsel the younger teenagers about safe sex and the dangers of AIDS. I know a lot of the young prostitutes, boys and girls, and I help the health workers hand out free condoms and clean needles."

Laura spots a regular client walking past. She turns to us, offers her hand and says: "Gentlemen, it's been a pleasure." Then she ambles up behind her well-groomed mug, places her arm in his and they walk off together down Macleay Street.

On the other side of the fountain, just 50 metres from Laura and 200 from Cindy, two other young females emerge from the strategically located bunker known as Kings Cross Police Station. But their aim is completely different — they are police constables charged with the task of trying to deal with the problem kids on the street. They're members of the recently-formed Kings Cross Youth Team — a six-strong group of beat coppers who work with welfare agencies to help the youngsters break free of the sex-and-drugs subculture and get their lives together.

Cathy De-la-Mare, 22, and team leader Sharon Holmes are passionate about their mission. They've only been working in the Cross for 18 months, but they know every nook and cranny and have come to know the faces of the kids who regularly hang around there. "If we don't intercept the new ones within two days of their arriving at the Cross, we've lost them," Cathy says.

It's just after midnight. The Youth Team, accompanied by officers from the Family And Community Services' (FACS) Kings Cross Adolescent Support Unit, are about to pay a surprise visit to the half-dozen strip clubs, looking for juvenile girls working as strippers for as little as $15 a show.

The first raid nets two 16-year-olds found hiding under a blanket in a back room of the Pink Pussycat. Both were getting ready to go on stage for another performance. They are questioned and strongly lectured before being taken away by FACS officers to a local emergency refuge where they'll be kept until their real identities can be established.

But Sharon looks at Cathy and shakes her head: "They'll be back up here tomorrow night."

Cathy agrees and tells us: "That's for sure — once the streets have got hold of you it's hard to break free."

Sharon says at least half the teen-aged prostitutes of the Cross are also strippers. "Most start off in the strip joints and move on into prostitution and drugs. Nearly all of the club owners know they're underage, but that's part of the attraction to the audiences — fresh meat."

Both these policewomen have a myriad of sad tales about the plight of the kids on their patch. But there are some successes.

Sharon Holmes remembers one girl called Joanne. "She was adopted, and her Dad was pretty violent — he used to belt her. She was in and out of refuges and was prostituting herself up here at 14. Every time we grabbed her, we'd bring her back to the station, do the normal checks and lectures. But unless you catch them in the act of soliciting, there's not a great deal you can do. I used to keep an eye out for her and try to keep her off the streets, but that was Mission Impossible.

"Every time we'd put her in a refuge she'd be back here cracking it within days. But I never gave up — for some reason I took a special interest in her."

Sharon says with some pride that she finally managed to get Joanne on to the "straight and narrow" and back living with her Mum in Sydney's western suburbs.

"But here's the clincher. She ended up becoming pregnant after being pack-raped by a color gang. She ended up having twins and loves them so much she's now living the life of a happy suburban mum and getting on great with her family. It's crazy how things turn out."

Both Cathy and Sharon point out that although most of the kids in the Cross are from deprived backgrounds, there are some whose very presence on the streets is completely incongruous. They tell of one 15-year-old girl who came from a good home, was an A-grade student and was religious. She was raped, went off the rails and ended up working the streets for two months before being found and sent home. The last either heard of her she was a cocaine addict working as a prostitute interstate.

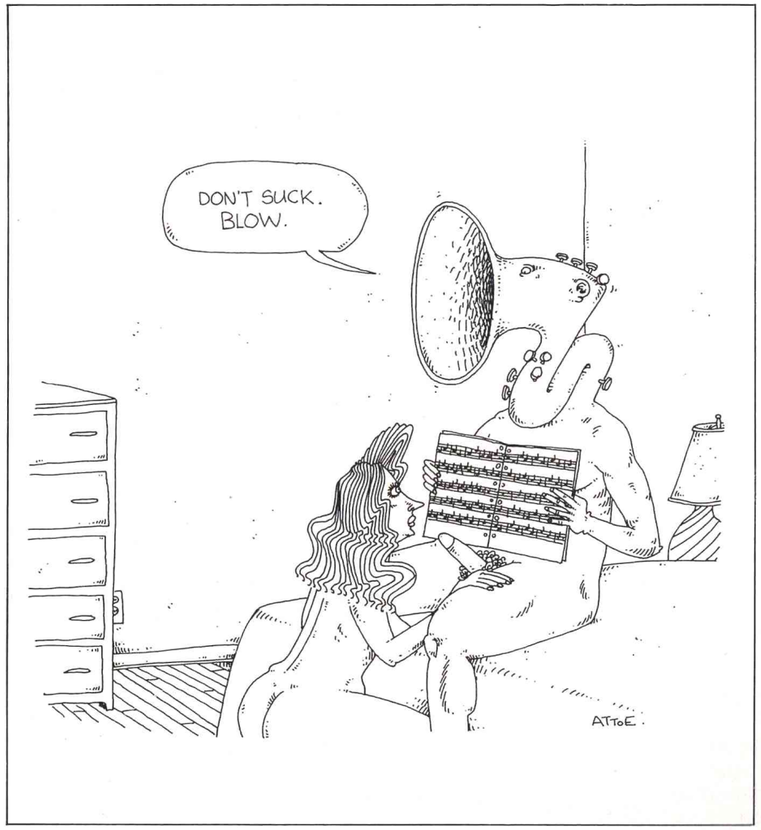
Throughout the next few hours the Youth Team will work in tandem with the FACS unit and its boss, 50-year-old child welfare veteran Tom Wilson. We track Wilson down after another strip club raid. A street-wise but caring social worker, Wilson says most kids don't gravitate to the Cross with the idea of getting into prostitution and drugs.

"What you've got basically are kids who are away from home for whatever reason — some kind of abuse or something going wrong there — and once they've run away, quite often they don't know where to go next. So they front up here looking for a shoulder and some shelter. Then it's a case of either us getting them first or the streets and the clubs getting hold of them. They stand out like sore thumbs — everyone can spot the greenies, the new arrivals.

"And you get blokes up here who are recruiting for the clubs or the brothels and it becomes a race between them and us. Look, we manage to save a lot of these youngsters, but the trouble is there's a continual flow and you know they'll just keep coming. Basically all they're looking for is somewhere safe where they belong — just like the rest of us."

Wilson's eyes scan a rowdy group of passing kids. He looks at his watch — it's 2am.

He points and says: "If they had any sense they'd avoid this place like the plague. If they think they've got problems in their lives now, those problems are only beginning once they get caught up in the Kings Cross system."



MADE IN AUSTRALIA
100% COTTON – 200% FUN!
PRINTED BOTH SIDES!

BONKING SKELETONS
LIMITED EDITION DESIGNER T-SHIRTS

If you've got a wicked sense of humour – you're going to love these! The funniest T-Shirt design to hit the streets in years is now available MAIL ORDER.

These T-Shirts are BAD TO THE BONE and guaranteed to get a laugh wherever you go. Check the positions. Try them out. Be Bad. Order your LIMITED EDITION 'Bonking Skeleton' shirt today! And if you don't laugh when you see it, we'll give you your money back. Guaranteed! Printed on high quality 100% cotton surf shirts.

ONLY $24.95 PLUS $3 POSTAGE

ALSO AVAILABLE ON WHITE T-SHIRT WITH BLACK PRINT
PHONE ORDERS
TOLL FREE 008•810 518
(Please have credit card details handy).

For more information on our complete range of postcards, T-shirts and artwear please phone: (074) 45 6100

MAIL ORDER COUPON

*Please send me ☐ Bonking Skeleton T-Shirts at $24.95 each plus $3.00 postage.
I enclose cheque money order for $_____ payable to Chi Chi Deluxe.

SIZE TICK
BLACK ☐ MEDIUM ☐
WHITE ☐ LARGE ☐
X LARGE ☐
XX LARGE ☐

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
_____ STATE: _____ P/CODE: _____
Charge my: Bankcard ☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa ☐ Expiry Date / /
No.: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
SIGNATURE: _____

Chi Chi Deluxe. PO. Box 375, Mooloolaba. Q. 4557

JA03P

advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Silky knickers

I am a male who has a fantasy about women's silky knickers. I undress, put them on and stick my hands down inside them. Then I root my hands until I come. I can't stop doing it. What shall I do?

This is a harmless enough fetish, and there's no reason why you should stop doing it if you enjoy it. However, it seems to be bothering you. There are some points you haven't mentioned. Are you able to have regular sex with women? Or does your fetish take precedence? If you feel you can't live with it, a behavioral psychologist will be able to help you eradicate it. Lots of people have fetishes of some sort or another. Yours is pretty normal and inoffensive, so why worry too much about it?

The power of publishing

I have a wonderful lover who lives interstate. Due to distance we only meet occasionally. Recently we organised a week together which was fantastic except for one thing. The new edition of *Australian Penthouse* arrived and he spent the evening in bed reading it instead of making love to me.

Is there something wrong with him or was he subtly trying to say it's over? Our relationship still appears to be strong.

Hell, sorry about that. We aim to fan the flames, not quench them. Next time it happens, creep on to the bed while he's nose-deep in the Forum letters and give him an absolute showstopper of a head job. That should get him going. If it doesn't, snatch the magazine out of his hands and say you'll only let him read it if you're sitting on his face.

Down, boy

I enjoy reading your section to learn about other people's sexual preferences, but am curious to hear men writing about how they enjoy performing oral sex on women but can't find any women who will let them. Please show me one of these men!

Being a woman who loves giving head, I am discouraged that only one man ever reciprocated because he wanted to. He was excellent, and I ejaculated for the first time in my life. It was totally satisfying sex.

I dream of having a man do this to me again, to the point of wondering whether another woman might be a better proposition. I mean, some men will try it but it's like they feel they are getting dirty, which is a total turn-off. I make sure I'm clean, but what's the use? Why are men so selfish?

I would love it if my man read this and did it to me — even just once! Maybe he has had a bad experience in the past with another pussy. I know he'd love mine if he tried it. What do you think?

Men don't necessarily go down on women automatically. The fact that you give the guy the blow job of his life doesn't mean he's going to do the same for you, unless you ask. In an ideal world, they'd all be down there like a shot, but in this world, you often do have to ask — especially guys who are young and relatively inexperienced. They just don't understand how much it matters.

Men don't discuss this openly. Most will say, of course they go down, love it, the result being massive multiple orgasms on the part of the lucky female. In truth, I believe men often try to avoid going down because they're lazy; because they are squeamish, especially if they've already come; because they're not sure whether they can make the earth move for you and therefore prefer to avoid the issue altogether; or because they're not sure whether you want them to.

Try suggesting to your partner that you want to try something new. Explain to him that it's really important for your satisfaction that he reciprocate in full. The real art of good sex is communication. Express your needs. If he still isn't interested, then yeah, you might want to look a little further for a man who has better manners in bed.

Dating

I'm writing to see if you can give me some advice. Through an illness I was left with a hearing loss and facial paralysis. I'll get the movement back, and also it wasn't disfiguring. But my girlfriend at the time left me, as I no longer appealed to her.

Now I'm trying to find myself another girlfriend or companion. I'm sick and tired of being ripped off through the dating agencies. I still have some appeal as I've been approached by really pretty ladies in bars. However, with the hearing loss, I didn't have any success.

Do you know of any worthwhile contact clubs that I could get on to? Any help would be appreciated.

The next time a pretty girl approaches you at the bar, have a note ready saying something like: "I can't hear very well but I'd still like to talk to you. Can I buy you a drink?" That gets you over the first difficult bit, and you can take it from there. Don't try to hide your hearing impairment. Treat it naturally, and others will too.

As far as clubs go, I'm not an expert. However, there's a local monthly mag called Singles Life *which has in it lots of personal ads, a calendar of activities and clubs galore. You might find it helpful. It's available in newsagents on the first of each month. Or you can fax them on (03) 521 1053. Good luck.*

Growth factor

I am a 19-year-old male and I get very horny whenever I look at beautiful women or explicit magazines. To relieve myself I masturbate, and I do this three to four times a week. I have been masturbating since I was 15 and I can't help doing it.

My penis is only five inches erect and I find it uncomfortable when having sex with girls. They don't seem to enjoy it, because my penis is just too short. Could it be because I've been masturbating so much over the years? Could this have affected its growth?

No. The amount you masturbate has no effect whatsoever on the size of your penis. As it is, you are all fussed about nothing. Masturbating three to four times a week isn't excessive for someone of your age. There are others who do it much more often than that. You can masturbate till you're blue in the face — there's no law against it and it won't do you any harm at all.

As for the size of your penis, five inches is a perfectly good size. The average dick is around six inches, so you're not far off it. The average vagina, however, is around four inches, so you've still got more than enough to play with. Women, as we point out at least once a month in this column, are not concerned with dick size the way men are.

Maybe your sex life would improve if you stopped worrying about your dick so much and began considering what else you can do to get those girls running hot. There's more to sex than the odd poke, and the more you know about what women like, the better you'll be in bed. As well as looking at the pictures, try reading parts of this magazine for ideas. Then go and try them out. Don't panic — you are on the road to paradise.

Fantasy freak-out

My boyfriend is a subscriber to your magazine. He brings it over for me to read, or we read it together (which can be a lot of fun). We both enjoy X-rated videos. We can talk about anything and we are very open about what we like and dislike. One night we got on to the the topic of our fantasies.

One of my fantasies is to have a threesome with my boyfriend and another male. My boyfriend seemed okay with this and even suggested a few ways of making it happen. He promised that if the opportunity should ever arise, my fantasy would come true. He added that he would probably enjoy it as much as I would.

Now here comes the problem. My boyfriend would also like to have a threesome, but with another female. Even though I would love to fulfill all his fantasies, I don't know whether I could handle this one. I am not usually a jealous person but the thought of him having sex with another female makes my blood boil. I have tried to keep an open mind but I really could not cope with seeing him do things to her and her doing things to him that I do and enjoy. I would be worried that he was enjoying it more with her.

I have explained how I feel and we have even talked about paying someone so it wouldn't be someone I know. But it still doesn't help my feelings. He has said that it doesn't matter, but if he is willing to fulfill my fantasies, how can I deny his? I know he is disappointed. How do I cope?

In a threesome, he wouldn't just be doing it to her and her to him, with you watching. The idea is that everybody does it to each other, so you would be involved. And why, since he is your boyfriend and usually sleeps with you, should he suddenly switch over and enjoy himself more with somebody else? Surely he would like you all the more for giving him a chance to try out his fantasy?

All the same, if you feel unhappy about it, don't do it. It's not a failure, simply a preference. There's a degree of spontaneity to sex which should never be forced. Sometimes fantasies are best left as just that. Reality can be very deflating, and a great idea can become a nasty mess if not well handled. Also, sex isn't a trading system in which every act must be repaid, regardless of how you feel. Your boyfriend appears to understand that better than you do.

Finally, if you are the slightest bit insecure about your sexual performance — and you are, since the idea of another woman is so threatening to you — then you are not really ready to leap into threesomes of either kind. Not yet, anyway. Tell him that it's something to file away for the future, when you're more sure of yourself.

Blue balls

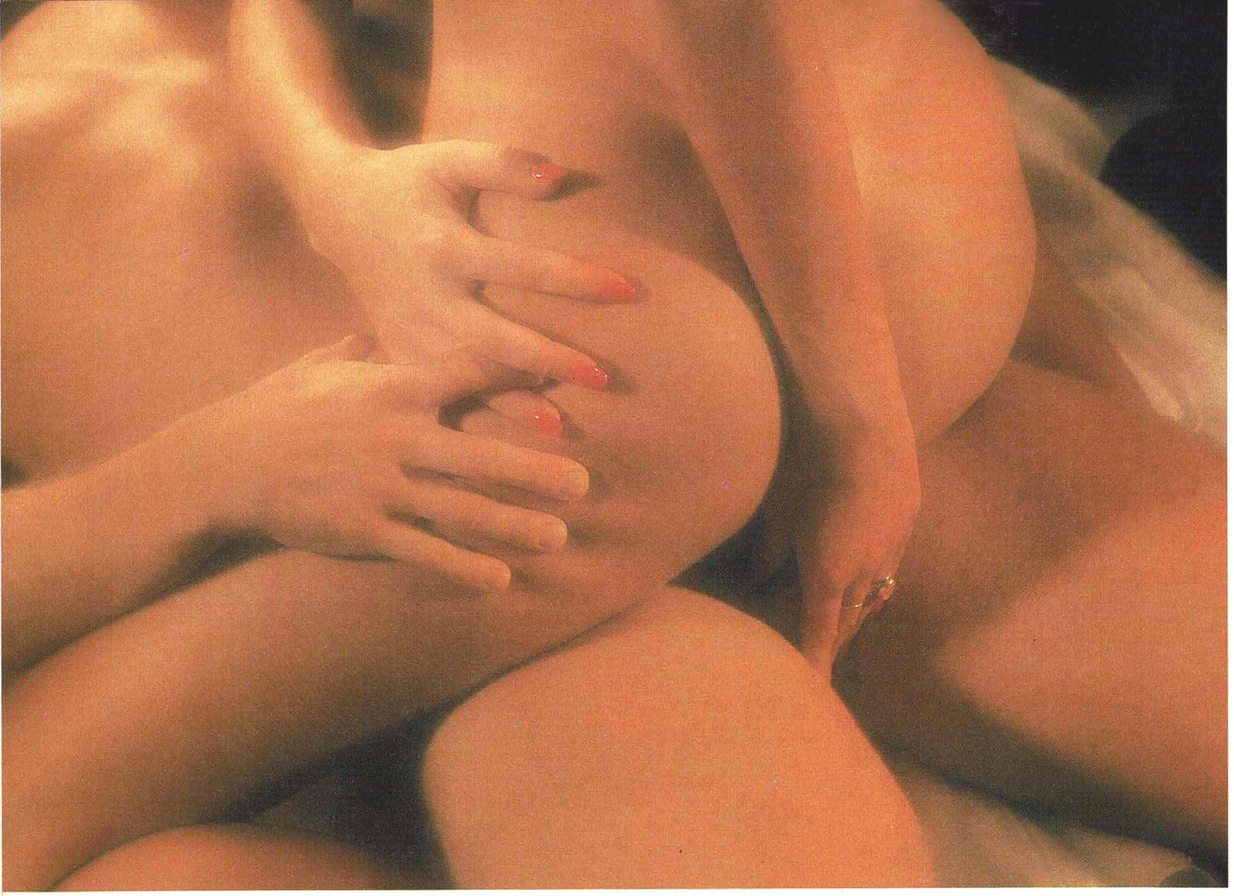
Is it harmful for men not to experience orgasm for a long while?

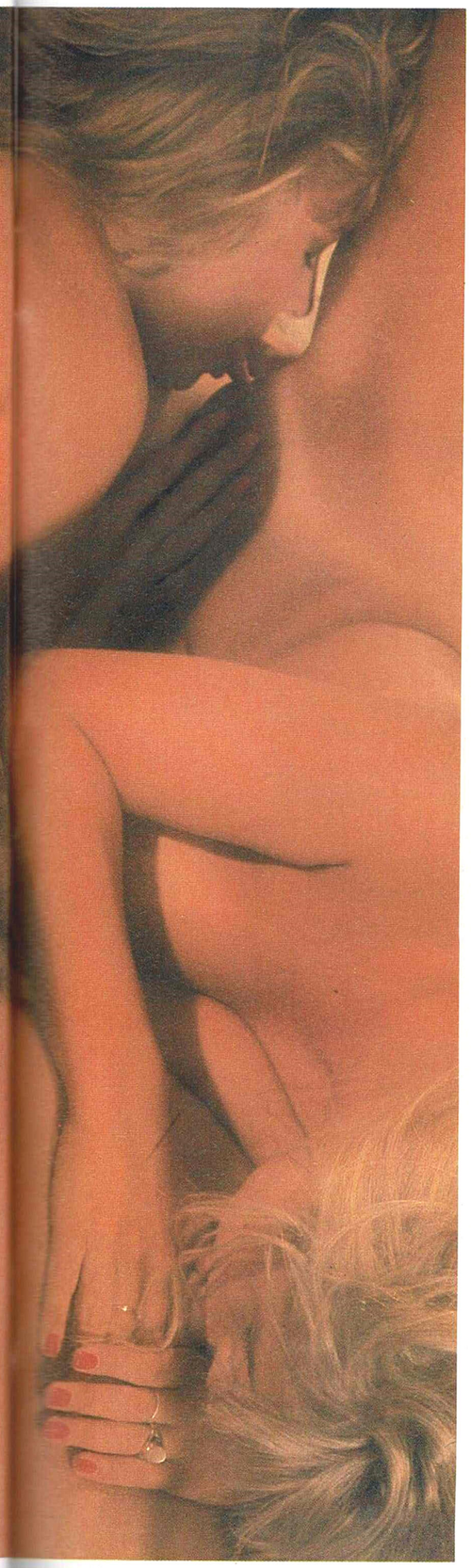
What do you mean by "a long while?" A week? A month? A year? I assume men were meant to get off or they wouldn't experience wet dreams. And men who are regularly satisfied are far better company than men who aren't. But I also know that there's no point telling a woman that she's got to give it to you otherwise you'll get blue balls syndrome. She's got to have it too. Whether or not she has it with you depends on your ability to arouse her, not your need for release.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

martial ★ hearts

East met West when Heather and Sunny, roommates and close friends, decided to study kendo, the ancient Japanese art of fencing. The studio's heat was having an intoxicating effect on the budding samurai warriors. Heather and Sunny dropped their weapons. Joe, their sensei, lost control of his class.





The ladies quickly utilised their newly developed skills for another, more serious purpose — instead of wielding bamboo swords, their butter-soft ninja tongues fenced passionately. Soon Joe was reduced to pupil and Heather and Sunny the teachers, practising another ancient art form, known to naughty ninjas and other teenage mutants the world round.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF HOWDEN

WIN

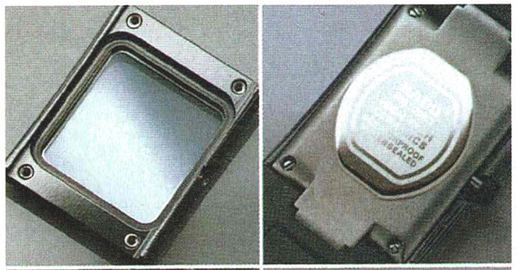
Your chance to have a masterpiece for a timepiece

There's a time for everything, and now's the time to survey your watch and consider whether or not it's up to scratch — literally. If the answer is no, you've got the chance to win a superb DiaStar Ceramica watch — worth $2500 — from Swiss company Rado. Rado and *Australian Penthouse* are offering two Ceramica watches as prizes — one gent's, one lady's. The Rado DiaStar Ceramica represents a technological

WIN a Rado Masterpiece

breakthrough in watch design and manufacture: it's scratchproof, light, extremely durable and resistant to high heat, acids and alkalis; it's skin-friendly, meticulously accurate and on top of all that, it looks absolutely fantastic. Want one? To enter the *Penthouse*/Rado competition, just read the following information, fill in the coupon and mail it to *Penthouse* before November 22.

Rado began the planning of the DiaStar Ceramica in 1986, and its objective was to create a completely new product that would bring into harmony the double function of the watch as a modern piece of jewellery and a practical timepiece. The designers and development engineers were deliberately given the greatest possible creative and material-technological freedom in the field of scratchproof materials. The result is an advanced, futuristic, fully functional design.



Rado is a relative newcomer to the Swiss watch industry. Founded 34 years ago, the company knew that it would have difficulty competing with the already well-established Swiss brands, many of which are more than 100 years old with a famous history that is part of their prestige. Rado tackled the problem by producing high-tech, top-quality, innovatively designed watches that set trends rather than following them. The first scratchproof tungsten-carbide Rado watch, the DiaStar, sold 1.3 million in 27 years.

The company's recent speciality has been the use of aesthetic fine ceramics in watchmaking. These ceramics are composed of pulverised zirconium- and yttrium-oxides. The powder mixture is pressed or injected into a mould and heated up to a temperature of 1600 degrees Celsius. During the sintering the powder coalesces into masses which display a minimum of porosity, thus guaranteeing a high ultimate breaking strength. It is in the sintering furnace, too, that the typical color tone comes into being. It's a color that lives — the nuances are perceived differently according to the lighting conditions. The ceramics elements finally get their silken brilliance from polishing with diamond powder.

Before leaving the factory, every Rado watch is subjected to a series of the most rigorous tests and controls. And Rado watches are backed up by an exclusive international after-sales service network. So if you want a chance to win a watch that will, quite literally, last you a lifetime, fill in the coupon below, answering the three questions based on the information above, and send it off to *Penthouse*. Good luck!

Send your completed coupon to *Penthouse*/Rado Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. The answer to each question can be found in the information above. Entries close last mail Friday, November 22, 1991.

1 When did Rado begin planning the DiaStar Ceramica?

_____

2. In the first 27 years, how many Rado DiaStar watches were sold?

_____

3. To what heat are the Rado ceramics "cooked" in the sintering furnace?

_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Phone:** _____

Permit no: TC 91/2867

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official coupon or a facsimile of that coupon. Only one entry per person is allowed and no cash alternative is offered for the prize.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families.

Closing date for entries is last mail on Friday, November 22, 1991. The winners of the prizes will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section. Two correct entries will be drawn from all the correct entries received. Those entrants will be the winners. On all questions, disputes and matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all the rules and conditions.

The promoters, Rado and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestants for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to property caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply of any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the *Australian Penthouse*/Rado competition (including negligent acts or omissions).

The competition is brought to you by Rado and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

SOFT

music

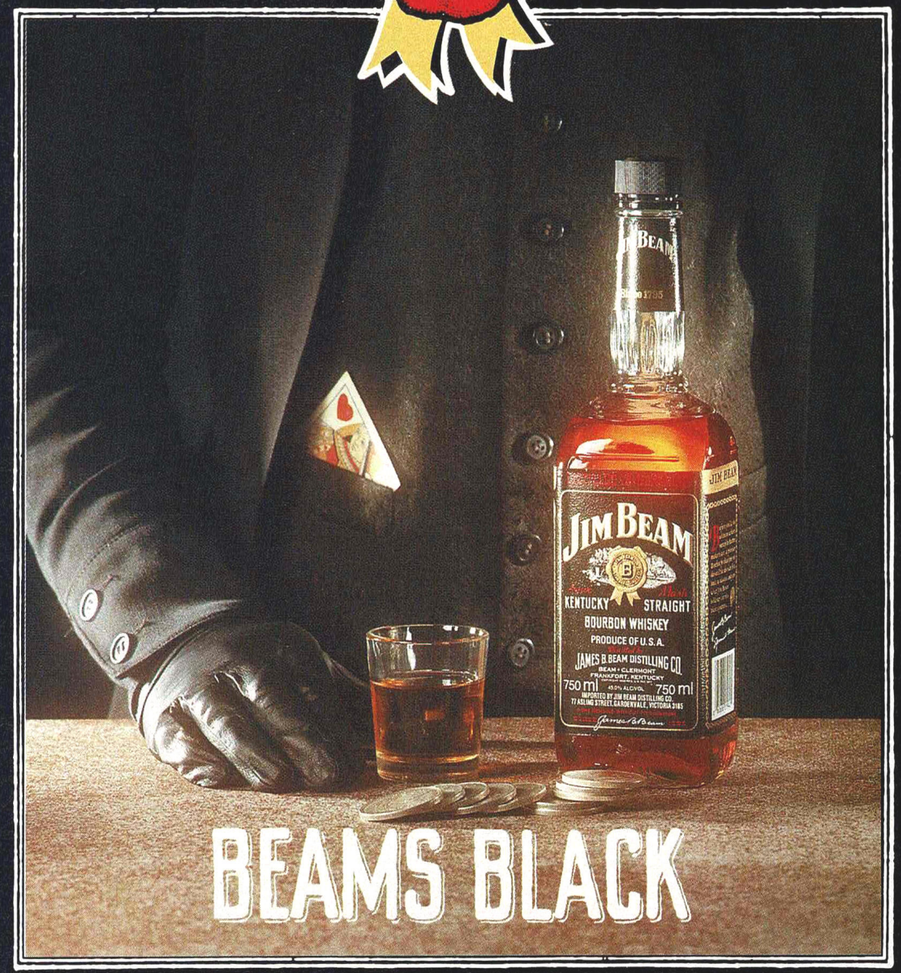
"I suppose it sounds weird to say that I'm shy when I'm into nude modelling," says Jennifer Baines, "but really, I am. I hate sitting in crowded places alone, and I'm always nervous when I walk into a party." Jennifer, 23, is studying a computer course at tech, and with a 36-23-33 figure, she does part-time modelling to pay the bills.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Jennifer prefers quiet evenings alone with a good friend. "I'm a hopeless romantic," she confesses. "I love soft music and taking my dog, Rascal, for walks in the park in the rain. As for men, I like gentle, considerate guys who are good at being friends as well as lovers."

JIM BEAM

BEAM FORMULA · A STANDARD SINCE 1795 ·



BEAMS BLACK

JAMES B BEAM DISTILLING CO • CLERMONT • BEAM • KENTUCKY

© COPYRIGHT

APB 15788 • A

ARMY BRAT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

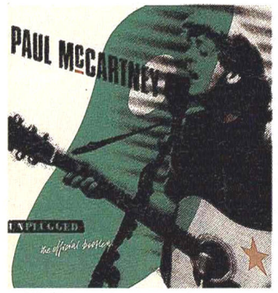
Twenty-one-year-old Bobbie Brown, a former gymnast, is determined to make her mark as a model and an actress. And that shouldn't be too hard, particularly for a young lady with a predilection for stealing the limelight.

"When I was little," Bobbie explains, "I did cartwheels on the roof of our house to impress the other kids on my block. One day I even broke the TV antenna! We moved around a lot because my dad was in the military, so there was always a new bunch of kids to win over." Now Bobbie likes men who try to impress her. "Any guy who wants to be a part of my life has to show me how much he cares."

ON A ROLL AS SOLID AS A ROCK

Noiseworks haven't exactly been languishing in obscurity since they hit the recording trail two albums ago. However, the band is showing a fuller scope of writing depth on their third epic, *Love Versus Money* (Columbia). Trad thumpers are still there ("Hot Chilli Woman", "Burning Cross") and it is those power-rock tendencies that have made them current beer-barn barons. Their latest studio efforts are also spiced up with some psychedelic notions and club dance beats. Soulful soaring is added through female voices, that of Shauna Jensen making it to the live circuit to expand the mood of tracks like the rock funk of "Jealousy." Singer John Stevens is seldom in anything but Big Voice and proves he can give old iron lungs Barnsey a wail for his money. Even in the sultry, seductive "Lead Me On", he can't help himself as he explodes into the grinding middle section. The band also makes a nod at the musical and righteous fervor of U2 in "Day Will Come" and "Burning Cross" respectively: "Now this is a story of pain and prejudice and you better believe it!" The title song, "Love Versus Money", has strong echoes of the classic "Love The One You're With" and its message could be the answer to any of the Noisy boys in a dilemma. If variety is the spice of life, then this cabinet is stoked with strong musical flavors. Noiseworks are rightly on a roll as solid as a rock.

"This is so informal we'll start again," quips **Paul McCartney** as he flubs the start of "We Can Work It Out" on *Unplugged (The Official Bootleg)* (Parlophone). Taken from the MTV *Unplugged* series where the famous eschew their mammoth concert productions for a simple brace of guitars and percussion, Macca and cohorts stroll through some Beatles classics and other chestnuts. The Man even plays drums on "Ain't No Sunshine" while Hamish Stuart sings up a storm. This limited release has the feel of a good-natured singalong that captures the mood of his early skiffle inspirations. To these ears it helps pardon the post-Beatles banalities of tracks like "Silly Love Songs."



We haven't heard from **Huey Lewis And The News** for a few years (stop that cheering down the back!) but with *Hard At Play* (EMI) it is "back to the old grind." In the past they've taken good-natured tedium to a high art form and this release shows them happy with that state of affairs. Mr Lewis does have the saving grace, however, of not taking himself too seriously.

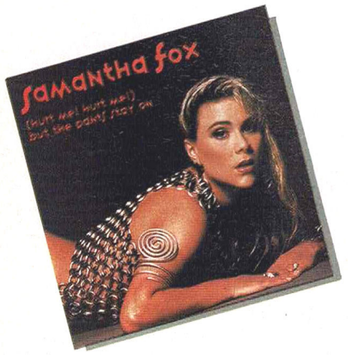
Let's do the Time Warp again . . . and again! Back from the wherever-wherever are the **Doobie Brothers**, displaying an admirable sense of *Brotherhood* (EMI). Unlike Little Feat, who had line-up changes foisted on them by that inconvenience known as death, the DBs come in the original five-pack that gave us "China Grove" and "Long Train Runnin'" back in 1973. The cruisey "Rollin' On" epitomises where the band is at these days — "Like that river, we just keep on rolling along." Even when the lads crank up the guitars, they keep the attack tidy, leaving appropriate space for their signature trio harmonies.

Hip Hop and Rap have housed many strong personal political statements. The most deeply silly dance Rap of late, however, comes from the Queen of Page Three, **Samantha Fox**, and (*Hurt Me! Hurt Me!) But The Pants Stay On* (BMG). It becomes apparent that she's not advocating a total embargo on naughty knickers down, but she's not about to be steamrollered into any carnal conquests. The total absence of clothes in the cover photo begs the question of exactly whose pants defy gravity. Ms Fox attempting to be the terminal tease is about as alluring as a wet bath mat. But an interesting confrontation could be her and the power funk *Stinky Grooves* (Columbia) of the **Limbomaniacs**: "They call me Butthouse Man . . . I'm a butt connoisseur . . . Let me tell you 'bout my trip to the south of France . . . Those bare-bottom bitches put a boner on me!" The chorus of "Shit!" to "The Toilet's Flooded" describes many of their subsequent notions.

Mr Mantronik and his studio cohorts showcase their persistent grooves and new vocalist, Jade Trini, on *Mantronix, The Incredible Sound Machine* (Capitol). Yes folks, real singing, and melodies too!

Back on the dance floor **De La Soul** adhere to the notion of premature demise being a sure step to immortality (refer to recent Jim Morrison mania for living proof). *De La Soul Is Dead* (Liberation/Tommy Boy) at least buries their old daisy "flower-power" selves. It runs like the sound-track to a cartoon full of street jive and in serious need of subtitles. — *Jeremy Cook*

Clockwise from above: Noiseworks show a fuller scope of writing depth on Love Versus Money; bootleg from Paul McCartney; dancefloor jive from De La Soul; Samantha Fox gets her gear off yet again.



New BOSE ACOUSTIMASS® • 5 SERIES II SPEAKERS

EVEN SMALLER!

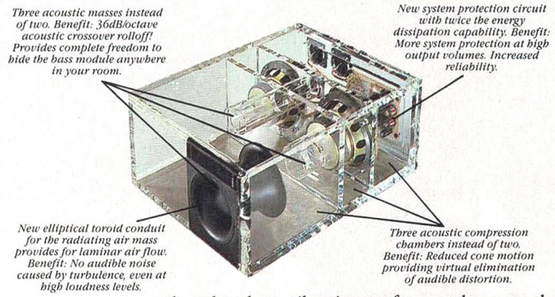
Virtually Invisible® Loudspeakers

When Bose® first introduced the Acoustimass® 5 loudspeaker system it changed the way people thought about their loudspeakers.

Now with a further three years of research and development we've made the Acoustimass® 5 Series II even better, more powerful and 20% smaller.

When you place the Acoustimass® 5 Series II Speaker system in your home, the sound from the two tiny cube speaker arrays is so spacious and lifelike, it approaches the realism of a live performance. The cube speaker arrays feature the exclusive Bose Direct/Reflecting® speaker technology which can recreate the natural balance of direct and reflected sound, just like a live concert.

By rotating the cube arrays large rooms can sound more intimate and small rooms can sound more spacious. Best of all, with Bose Direct/Reflecting® Loudspeakers you don't have to sit in between your speakers to hear stereo, you can sit almost anywhere in your listening room and hear full rich stereo.


Three acoustic masses instead of two. Benefit: 36dB/octave acoustic crossover rolloff! Provides complete freedom to hide the bass module anywhere in your room.
New system protection circuit with twice the energy dissipation capability. Benefit: More system protection at high output volumes. Increased reliability.
New elliptical toroid conduit for the radiating air mass provides for laminar air flow. Benefit: No audible noise caused by turbulence, even at high loudness levels.
Three acoustic compression chambers instead of two. Benefit: Reduced cone motion providing virtual elimination of audible distortion.

The heart of the system, the Acoustimass bass module, can be placed almost anywhere within your listening room. It launches sound into the room by two air masses rather than by a vibrating surface, and creates the illusion that all the sound, even the deepest bass notes are coming from the tiny cube speakers.

Hear the difference yourself.
Telephone Bose 008 023 367

The best way to appreciate the benefits of this technology is to ask your Bose dealer to demonstrate it side by side with conventional speaker systems costing far more.

For the name of your nearest Bose dealer, and a free brochure please fax Bose Australia on (02) 684 1665, or for the cost of a local call telephone 008 023 367.

BOSE®
Better sound through research.

It is difficult to believe the realism of sound that comes from a speaker system this small.

GENDER BENDING

The afterlife seems to be mighty trendy in Hollywood at the moment. We've had *Ghost*, which manifested itself strongly at the Academy Awards, Albert Brooks' *Defending Your Life*, which takes himself and Meryl Streep into a white-frocked clearing station for souls, and now director Blake Edwards has come up with **Switch**, a sparky comedy that incorporates an androgynous God, a male in a female body, a very sexy Devil and a lesbian thrown in for good measure.

Steve Brooks, a smart-arse, womanising advertising executive, becomes the victim of a plot by three of his ex-girlfriends and finds himself in Purgatory. God is reluctant to let him into Heaven and sends him back to Earth to find one woman who likes him. The Devil makes a polite suggestion, and Steve, the chauvinist, discovers himself to be a dynamic blonde female. He doesn't adapt easily.

Sound weird? *Switch* actually works very well, not least because of the very funny performance by Ellen Barkin, who plays the new, female Steve (who calls him/herself "Angela"). Barkin studied male body language for the part, and she manages to convey the difficulty of living in a female body and female clothes.

Barkin's performance is complimented by Jimmy Smits (*LA Law*), who plays Walter, Steve's best friend. JoBeth Williams plays the former girlfriend responsible for murdering Steve, and Steve-as-Angela wastes no time in requisitioning her services to help him/her adapt to his new sex.

Blake Edwards, who wrote and directed *Switch*, is no stranger to movies about role reversal. This movie picks up on some old sexist-feminist themes (some of them a little bit dated), but the handling of them is humorous enough to be forgiven. ***

It's always tempting for European directors to present the best and more romantic bits of Europe in their films, and more often than not they do. However, in **Stanno Tutte Bene** (Everybody's Fine) Guiseppe Tornatore (*Cinema Paradiso*) has presented Italy as it is today — crowded, busy, urban and socially dislocated. The film tells the story of Mateo Scuro (Marcello Mastroianni), an elderly Sicilian civil servant, now retired. For years, his five adult children, scattered throughout Italy, have paid Matteo an annual visit on his birthday, but this time they've told him they can't make it. The old man decides to go on a journey through Italy to make a surprise visit to each of them.

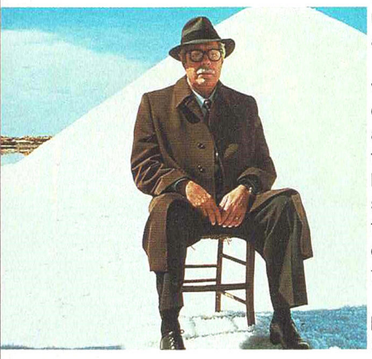
However, from the beginning, Matteo finds himself in a crazy and troubled world where people have little time for friendliness. His children, as he encounters them, all have secrets to hide. It is a journey of discovery for Matteo, but one which ultimately disillusions him.

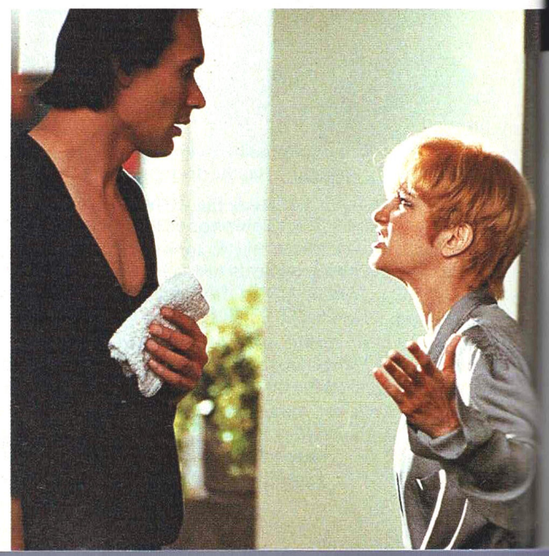
Despite its mournful overtones, this is an exceptionally good film. The acting in general is superb, and Mastroianni in particular gives a deeply moving performance throughout. Blasco Giurato's cinematography is powerful and innovative, and never allows the viewer's attention to stray. ****

A comedy about life behind the scenes of a daytime TV soap show may sound like a risky business — it might amuse, or it might itself be swamped in a froth of bubbles. But the first indication (besides the accomplished cast) that **Soapdish** is going to bubble up, not down, is the polished introduction in Fifties-style comic-book graphics. The film doesn't lose pace from there, and it's glamorous, dirty and very funny. The cast includes Sally Field as Celeste Talbert, a burned-out soapie star; Kevin Kline as a down-and-out actor; Robert Downey Jr as a slippery producer; Whoopi Goldberg as a scriptwriter; Cathy Moriarty as the on-set bitch; and Carrie Fisher makes a brief appearance as a casting director with an eye for young studs.

The film moves back and forth from on-set soap to off-set drama until life and art become thoroughly tangled. The actors have a great time hamming it up as soapies, and the use of slapstick, melodrama and maliciously funny throwaway lines makes for biting, thoroughly entertaining comedy. *** — *Trish Murphy*

Below: Marcello Mastroianni plays Matteo in Stanno Tutte Bene; members of the Soapdish cast ham it up; Jimmy Smits and Ellen Barkin in Switch.





The legend that is now Benedictine. The nectar of Kings long forgotten. The magic blending of herbs and spices. Each one contributing to emphasise the other's special effect. Enjoy it with champagne, over ice, or better still, with a close friend.

DEVOTED TO BENEDICTINE BODY AND SOUL.

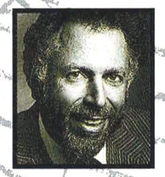
BENEDICTINE

UN PLAISIR EST MEILLEUR PARTAGÉ.

(A PLEASURE THAT IS BETTER SHARED.)

APB13181-A UDAL 0026

hedonist



Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

COME FLY WITH ME

One of my sure-fire seduction techniques is to sweep a woman off her feet with an offer of travel to a far-flung romantic destination. Even the coldest woman will warm to an invitation for a weekend in Bali, say, or a ten-day tour of Thailand.

I once asked a stunning, big-breasted secretary my company had hired if she would like to go to Cuba with me. I had been asking her out for weeks, to no avail. Then I popped the question about Havana.

"Okay Al," she said, "but I'm not going to screw you." Before the weekend was out we were in a Cuban beach bungalow, fucking our brains out. I got an added bonus in bringing her along, in that I imported her quota of duty-free Cuban cigars as well as mine.

What I'm doing, of course, when I ask a woman to take a travel fling with me, is keying into a common human fantasy. All of us daydream about getting away from it all, slipping the leash of convention and running free. The grass is always greener somewhere else.

Women have a related fantasy of a white knight riding up and taking them away to a place where their humdrum existence does not pertain. It's an intoxicating idea to them, that they can leave behind all their responsibilities and be transported away on a shining white steed.

So I was very surprised, recently, when my patented seduction technique did not work. Let's call her Marjorie. (As usual, all names have been changed here to protect the impotent.) She was a friend of a friend whom I met at a party in New York. She was a lawyer, which accounted for her self-assured bearing. I asked her out and she demurred; then I told her she might get a little business out of a dinner date (that's another one of my seduction strategies — if at first you don't succeed, switch gears).

We had dinner a few times, but I could never get her to ease past the rather cool business relationship we had. I decided to try my patented Travelling Hedonist strategy on her.

"How about you and I going away together?" I asked her after a dinner date, while I was nursing one of my last Havana cigars. But I didn't suggest Cuba. "I'd love to show you the Canary Islands. You know, they're very fashionable this year. It seems everyone is going to the Canaries."

"I don't like to travel much," Marjorie said, and I pretended I had choked on cigar smoke. "I don't like to fly. It's a phobia, but I've given up trying to get over it. Besides, living in New York is just like travelling anyway."

She had a point, but it still didn't help that she had blown one of my sure-fire seduction techniques right out of the water. Suddenly, I had an idea.

"How'd you like to go round the world without leaving town?" I asked her. At first she thought I was suggesting something unseemly. "Around the world" is, after all, hooker lingo for a fuck and suck. But I finally got Marjorie to agree to let me pick her up in my limo the next day.

We got an early start and headed to Midtown Manhattan. There, I marched her out of the car and into the offices of the British Tourist Authority. You may think this is a pretty faint substitute for an actual visit to the United Kingdom, but Marjorie loved it. Everyone had a British accent and the place actually smelt like London on a foggy day. We gathered up brochures on

"When I ask a woman to take a travel fling with me, I'm keying into a common fantasy."

the Cotswolds, the Scottish Highlands and Kent, and went on our merry way.

Next stop was the Soviet Union. The Russian tourist agency is called InTourist, and it's located in the Rockefeller Centre. Oddly enough, there was something about the offices — cold, clean, very austere — that perfectly symbolised the experience of travelling in Russia.

We visited the Iraqi Tourist Agency, which was closed up tight, the Irish Tourist Board, a charming little green-themed place, and the Algerian consulate, which had its tourist bureau in an office on the first floor. Japan's Tourist Agency was clean, cool and efficient. There was a huge picture of a Kabuki dancer up on one wall, and a photo of Mt Fuji on the other.

Marjorie at first thought the whole idea pretty daft, but as we went along she warmed up considerably and began to laugh at the bizarreness of it all. By the day's end we had "visited" almost a dozen countries and she had the souvenirs to prove it. When I asked her to come to my townhouse, she agreed. I got the idea that she felt it was good to be home.

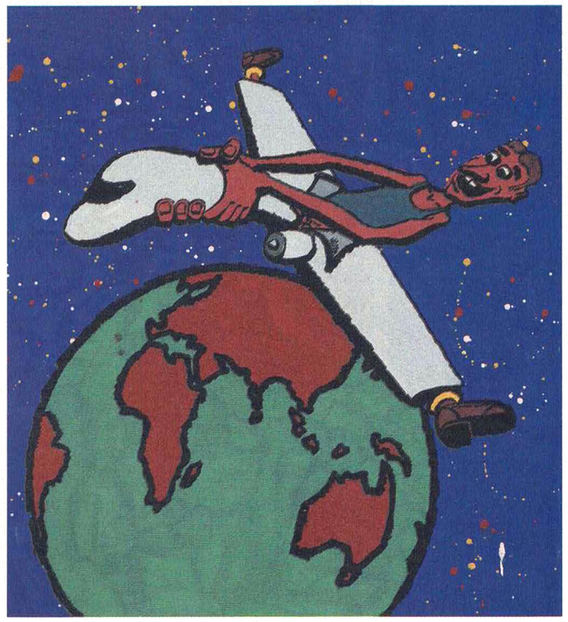


Illustration by Duncan Colvin

EXTRA SPECIAL
Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL
Old Scotch Whisky
ALC/VOL 43%
750 ml

BLACK ALWAYS MAKES THE BEST IMPRESSION

12 YEARS OLD

BLACK LABEL – THE ULTIMATE IN SCOTCH

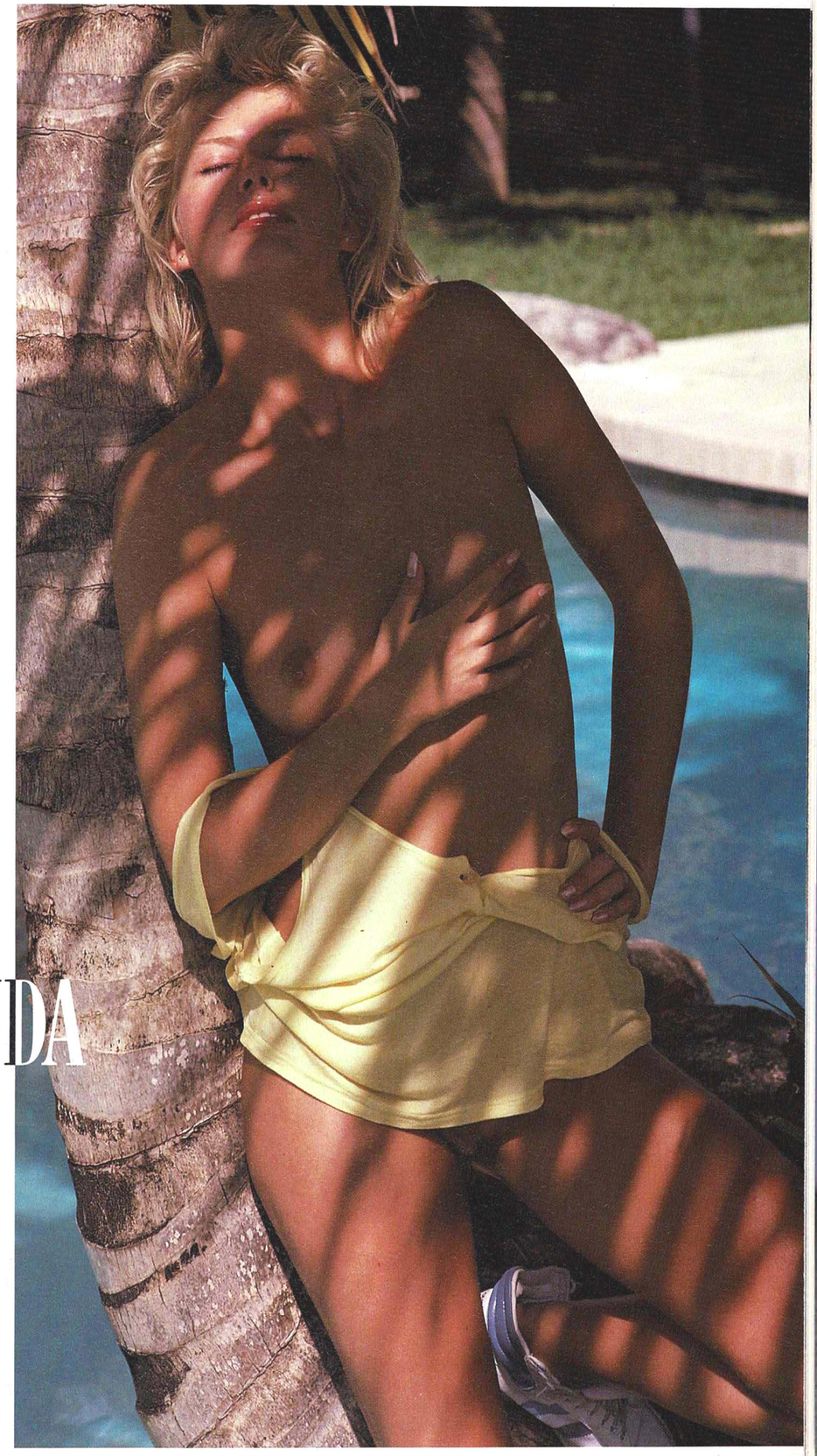
UD JB 422 APR 1593 A

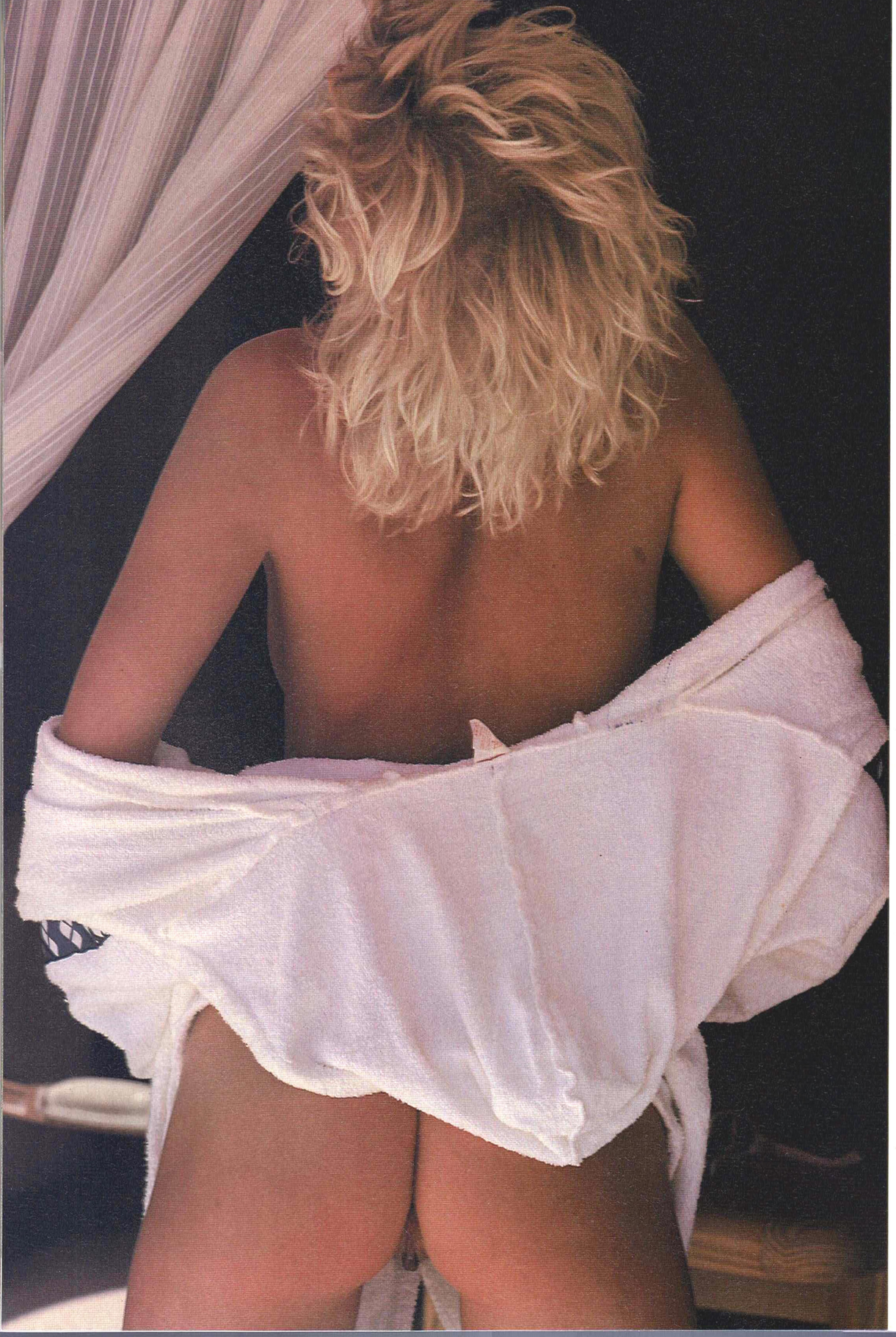
MIRANDA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY

MICHAEL MOORE

"I've been spending a lot of time in the city, rushing," says Miranda Jackson, a 25-year-old styling consultant. "So it was good to get away to somewhere peaceful to do this *Penthouse* shoot. Not that the shoot itself was peaceful — it's been a busy week day! But after the photographer left, I stayed on to relax."





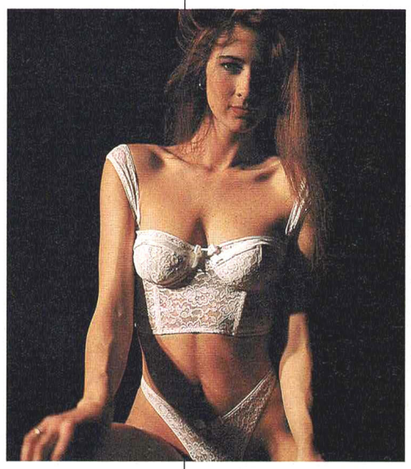
"I've been lazing about on the beach and in the pool and eating the odd lobster with a bottle of Muscadet in the evenings. One or two people have wandered over and introduced themselves, which is nice. But really, I'm taking a little time out for myself. Home is so hectic that this break has been fantastic."

stuff right

PENTHOUSE PRODUCT LINE

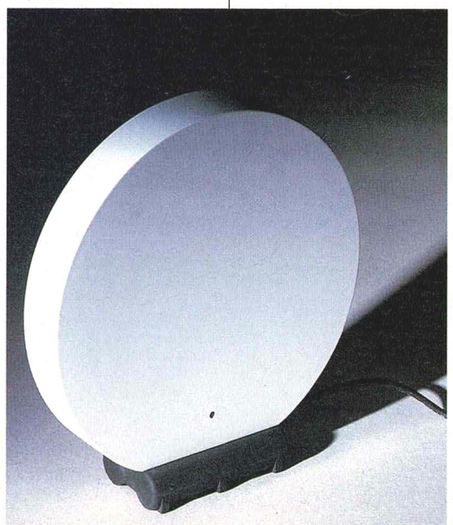
Introducing a handy new service for *Penthouse* readers. Each month the Right Stuff will offer a catalogue of superb-quality, well-priced and exclusive items for easy purchase by mail or telephone. To order any of the products featured here, turn to page 118.

PRESSURE CHECK
Digital blood pressure monitor: The UA-731 Blood Pressure Monitor is a portable device which will measure your blood pressure and give you a clear read-out on a jumbo LCD display. The meter has fully automatic pressurisation, measurement and exhaust. Its oscillometric method, processing algorithm and developed sensor ensure precise measurements.
Order No: 00211
$199.95 ($10).



FRENCH FANTASY
"Fantasy" French bra and G-string: Elegant design, flattering bustier style, boned and underwired with satin bow. Sizes 10, 12, 14 in both B and C cups. Recommended retail price $130. Special *Penthouse* introductory offer $99.
Order No: 00311
$99 ($8).

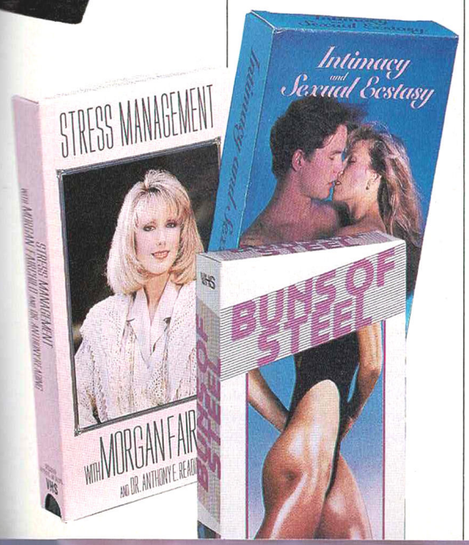
BEST RECEPTION
Terk pi Antenna: For the best FM reception even in the worst areas. The Terk's built-in 38dB low-noise amplifier greatly improves the number and quality of FM stations received, while reducing noise and interference. It connects to any type of receiver and is only 12.5cm in diameter. Guaranteed for 12 months.
Order No: 00111
$199.50 ($12).



PHONE TALK
Phone Mate answering machine: Affordable and easy to use. Features include one-touch operation, call screening, remote access, tollsaver, digital personalised greeting and voice activation. 12-month guarantee.
Order No: 00411
$199 ($12).

SHARP SOUNDS
Acoustic research M1 HI-series speakers: These top-of-the-range American designed and made two-way speakers will give you superb, nearly three-dimensional sound. They are ideal for apartments and small rooms. Charcoal grey in color, they are guaranteed for five years. Stands are available to complement the speakers.
SPEAKERS Order No: 00511
$520.($30).
STANDS Order No: 00611
$199($20)

PICK A VIDEO
Buns Of Steel: Presented by American fitness educator Greg Smithy, this program takes you through a gruelling but effective series of exercises. Running time 52 minutes. Exclusive release.



Stress Management With Morgan Fairchild: Effective ways to deal with stress in your life. Learn how to discharge stress through movement, stretching, relaxation, massage and Tai Chi. Running time 60 minutes.
Intimacy And Sexual Ecstasy: Renowned sex educators Dr Suzanne Ranley and Johnathon Robinson host this entertaining and highly informative program. Attractive couples demonstrate full range of topics from effective communication to advanced sexual techniques. NB: Contains nudity and demonstrations of sexual behavior. Running time 55 minutes.
MINIMUM OF ANY TWO TAPES
Order No: 00911
$59.95 ($10).

PARTY DOUBLE
Corky: This clever cork remover from Switzerland does away with broken corks and crumbs. Push the nozzle through the cork and with two or three strokes of the pump the air gap between wine and cork is compressed (without harming the wine) and the cork glides out smoothly. Guaranteed for life.
Air Au Vin: The Air Au Vin allows your wine to breathe in minutes rather than hours through a completely natural process of bubbling air very gently through the wine. It doesn't harm the wine, but enhances it. Great for unexpected guests.
SPECIAL SOLD TOGETHER
Order No: 00811
$39.95 ($10).

right stuff

PENTHOUSE PRODUCT LINE ORDER FORM

Simply indicate the Item No. (as shown beside product description) and any other details applicable.

MAIL
Your order form to:
Penthouse Merchandising
PO Box 32, Cammeray NSW 2062

FAX
Your order form:
(02) 543 4683
24 hours a day

PHONE
Call our Product Line for credit card orders. Have your details ready. Sydney: 922 7179 or toll-free elsewhere in Australia: 008 227 236, 9am–5pm Monday to Friday EST.

Please send me these products on a 14-day home examination basis.

ITEM NO.	QTY	DESCRIPTION	SIZE	PRICE EACH (Inc. delivery as shown in brackets)

READER'S DETAILS (Please print clearly)

Name:_____

Address:_____

_____

_____ Postcode:_____

Delivery address:_____

_____

_____ Postcode:_____

Telephone contact no. for delivery:_____

Payment details: I enclose a cheque/money order for $A_____

Or charge my ☐ Bankcard ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

☐ American Express

Card Number:

Cardholder's Name:_____ Expiry date:_____

Signature:_____

READER PURCHASE CONDITIONS

Australian Penthouse has developed this range of products as an exclusive service to readers and makes every effort to select quality merchandise. However *Australian Penthouse* cannot accept responsibility for the items purchased other than as required by law, in the circumstances of any particular transaction.

INQUIRIES: the Product Line is ready to help you. If you have any inquiries about merchandise, please contact the *Penthouse* Product Line on 008 227236 or 02 9227179 between 9am and 5pm Monday to Friday, not the supplier. We will pass inquiries on to the supplier and advise you on the correct course of action. Although the supplier is responsible for defective goods, we will, of course, assist should you encounter difficulties with any merchandise ordered in these pages.

DELIVERY: Delivery charges, including handling and insurance, are shown for each product in brackets after the price. Each product incurs a separate delivery charge, which should be added to the purchase price. Please note that products you order may arrive at different times. Delivery prices refer to mainland Australia only. Please call the Product Line for all other destinations.

Every effort has been made by *Australian Penthouse* to ensure that all details are correct at time of printing. However, we cannot be responsible for specifications subject to change without notice. Most items are dispatched within the week and should be received within 28 days, unless otherwise noted. Occasional delays are unavoidable, but we would notify you as soon as possible. All products are available at the advertised prices for one (1) month after the date of publication or while stocks last.

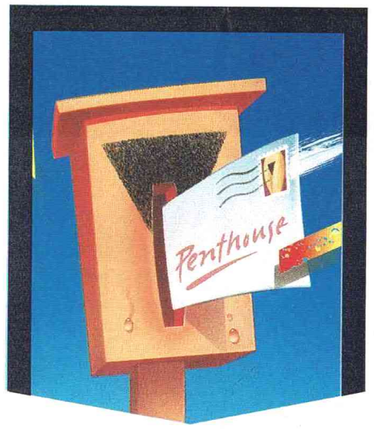
RETURNS: As a service to our readers, we have arranged with the suppliers so that merchandise may be returned to the supplier within 14 days if you change your mind, whereupon you will be credited with the cost of the purchase and you will be charged only with the shipping costs. However, returns of unwanted merchandise will not be accepted if the merchandise has been used. Returned products will be accepted only if they are sent back to us in the condition and with the packaging in which you received them. We cannot accept returned products which have been damanged or misused after you received them.

Please send returns, with the Return Slip enclosed with the product, not to *Australian Penthouse*, but direct to the supplier whose name and address will accompany the merchandise. Goods should be returned in the same manner they are delivered. If the goods received are damaged please call the Product Line immediately to arrange exchange. We regret that returns of lingerie and video tapes will be accepted only if the merchandise has been damaged in transit or is defective. Lingerie may only be exchanged for a more suitable size.

SIX APPEAL

APB10795/A

TOO 0780



forum

Continued from page 8

social club in town for a spa. But what happened in there, six feet from her parents, is another story for another day. — *Name and address withheld*

The razor's edge

My wife Nikkie is about five feet eight inches tall, brunette and has a figure that really turns heads, especially mine. We have been married for about four months and while our sex life has been a learning curve, of late it has been nothing short of fantastic. Before we married, my wife had limited sexual experience and fairly conservative views on sexual activity. On the contrary, I am perfectly willing to try anything at least once. My greatest fantasy was that I could entice Nikkie to shave her absolutely delectable pussy of every bit of distracting hair. Despite my having mentioned shaved pussies on a number of occasions to Nikkie, she had shown no interest and indeed had indicated that it was something she would never do.

Not long ago, however, we were reading your magazine together and one of the forum letters spoke of the pleasures of the shaved pussy for both parties. I mentioned that I thought it would be wonderful to drag my tongue over a perfectly shaved mound and to rub the head of my throbbing cock along her wet slit with no obstruction. I am not sure what invoked her change of attitude, but Nikkie suddenly climbed out of bed and returned with a pair of scissors, a towel, shaving cream and a razor. She spread the towel on the bed, threw a pillow under her hips and whispered: "Shave me bare."

By the time I had moved into position and grabbed the scissors to get rid of all the longer hair, I could see that Nikkie was in an incredible state of arousal. As my fingers brushed against her love box they came away soaking from her wetness and soon her womanly odor filled the room. While I was using the scissors I kept allowing my fingers to brush against her rock-hard clit. Before long, Nikkie was just about screaming with pleasure and only had stubble covering her gorgeous mound.

I grabbed the shaving cream and began to apply it in light, slow strokes. As I flicked my foamy fingers over her clit, Nikkie gasped and was seized by the most intense orgasm I have ever seen her experience. I picked up the razor and in slow careful strokes removed every bit of hair that was left covering her soaking pussy. We removed the towel from under her and I wiped away the remaining shaving foam before replacing the razor with my desperately eager tongue.

The experience was unbelievable. Her pussy tasted and felt thousands of times better without hair and from the reactions she was having each time I flicked my tongue across her smooth mound and dragged it through her drenched slit, this new-found pleasure was blowing her mind. After another shattering climax I lay down and rolled her on top of me. After rubbing my rod against her smoothness, I entered her in one slow stroke. Once again the difference the lack of hair made was mind-blowing. The absence of hair made her movements against me incredibly more pleasurable and before long I too collapsed after an incomparably intense orgasm.

Nikkie then replaced her pussy with her mouth and my dying member, incredibly, responded to the strokes of her tongue, her sucking and slowly bobbing head. She took my whole length inside her mouth each time she moved her head down, and when I was again rock-hard she removed her incredible lips and knelt on the bed holding on to the rug rail. The sight of her shaved pussy waving in front of me was amazing and her pleading for me to fuck her now required urgent response. I knelt behind her and drove my manhood into her burning tunnel. As we built up a rhythm I placed one hand on her small firm tits, which I gently squeezed, resulting in further gasps of pleasure. With the other hand I reached around and rubbed her swollen clit.

Before long Nikkie was screaming for me to blow my load into her and her twat was clamping down on my cock like a vice. Her screams of pleasure increased and I felt my own orgasm building up. I slowed down my strokes into her hot tunnel so as not to come too soon, and intensified my rubbing of her clit. Together we peaked and it felt as if I would blow my whole cock off inside her and her spasms of pleasure made it difficult for me to stay inside her. We collapsed into each other's arms and fell asleep still feeling the heat of our lovemaking.

Nikkie has since continued to shave her pussy regularly and our sex life has been indescribable. She says the slight discomfort when her hair starts to grow back does not compete with the incredible pleasure that she obtains from her shaved twat. I can wholeheartedly agree! — *Name and address withheld*

Dreams afloat

While I was stationed aboard a navy ship in the Persian Gulf, about the only thing there was to do out there was work and dream. I would like to share one of the dreams I had.

My girlfriend Chi is from Korea. We have been dating now for almost two-and-a-half years, and I plan to marry her. She is small — about five foot one and around 43kgs. Her jet-black hair hangs past her hips and she has a cute little body that I miss like hell when I'm away.

I dreamed that I had returned from the Persian Gulf and she had come to my ship to pick me up. It was dark and we drove her car to my boat, moored in a marina. (I live on the boat.) I parked the car, and since there were no other cars around, we sat in the quiet with the radio on. I leaned over and started kissing her, telling her I had dreamed of making love to her almost every night I had been away.

She was wearing one of my favorite dresses, which buttons down the front. As I kissed her, I opened each button, exposing her lacy bra. I remembered how much I'd wanted to caress her breasts, and then unhooked her bra without a second of thought. It fell open, revealing her creamy tits. They heaved with each breath she took. I gently caressed them while passionately kissing her. She told me how many times she had dreamed of me making love to her. It was like we could read each other's minds.

As we kissed, I gently massaged her inner thighs, knowing how much she likes that. I reached down and removed her panties. They were pure silk, barely enough to cover her pubic mound. I kissed and sucked her nipples while my hand explored her moist pussy. I couldn't stop myself when I heard her soft moan. I had to have a taste, a smell, a piece of heaven.

I reached around her and reclined her seat. Then I leaned back so I could enjoy the full view of her lying there with her dress fully undone. Her whole body lay exposed, accented by the nearby streetlight. I was breathless.

As my tongue explored every part of her, I could hear her deep breathing punctuated by an occasional gasp. She was moaning and telling me how much she needed me. Suddenly she arched her back and held me firmly by the hair, pushing me even deeper inside her. I could hardly breathe. Finally, she went limp. I could feel the rush of cunt juice from her orgasm. She was so wet, but I tried to lick up every bit. I didn't want to waste a single drop of her precious nectar.

She pulled me up her body and hungrily kissed me — she was like a tiger. She undid my shirt, then unzipped my pants and pulled them to my knees. I watched her massage my cock through my underwear. Finally, she ripped them off. She began to stroke my dick, telling me how much she needed to do it. She gently kissed it until it was a rigid shaft in her hand. I watched as her mouth fully engulfed it, then moved up and down. Sometimes she would stop to run her tongue around the top while looking deep into my eyes. She was teasing me. She was going to make sure that when I came, it would be an orgasm that I would never forget.

While she sucked, her hand slid up and down my shaft. I grabbed her head and moved it up and down in rhythm as she sucked. She could tell I couldn't take much more. I sighed softly and then exploded.

I almost fainted, but she continued to suck and pump my cock. She wanted every drop of my life, my gift. She wasn't about to let me get soft. I pulled her on to me, her dress still hanging from her shoulders. She opened her legs, straddling my cock as it lay on my stomach. I had never seen it so hard for so long.

She sat on my lap now, rubbing my cock against her wet pussy. She rocked back and forth slowly, her breasts swaying with her movements. I couldn't stand any more, so I raised her up and slid my cock deep into her dripping cunt. She was so tight that she had to wiggle her way down. We gyrated in perfect harmony. I removed her dress, exposing her to anyone who passed by. I lost myself in fantastic light. I was a king and she was my pleasure, my existence, a goddess who had come to crown me.

There were no words left, only desires. Months of pent-up desires that had to be fulfilled. No-one was going to stop us. We were mad, insane, animals. She wrapped her legs around me and pulled me closer. We began to grind into each other — the car must have been a sight as it rocked back and forth, sitting there in the street jumping like a wild horse at a rodeo. We were sweating profusely, dripping on to each other. She licked the drops off my chest. Our tongues found each other and we were locked in an embrace that no handcuffs could match.

Suddenly, I heard a ringing. I awoke to another morning afloat. One of the guys in our berthing area had set his alarm early. God, how I hated him for taking her away when I needed her the most. I sent her a copy of this letter. And sure enough, when I got home, she was wearing her yellow dress that buttons down the front. — *Name and address withheld*

Hair cut

I get my hair cut at one of those unisex salons. They do it all — wash, cut, blow-dry. Because I work until the early evening, I'm usually the last customer of the day.

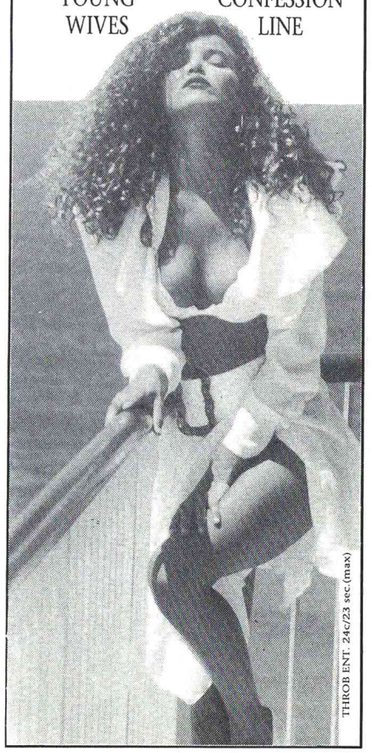
The last time I went in for my scheduled appointment, I didn't see Jessie, the woman who normally cuts my hair, when I walked in. Instead, there was a young woman behind the counter who quickly stood up and introduced herself as Audrey. Audrey was tall and thin with wavy, shoulder-length blonde hair. She wore a blouse that couldn't hide the curves of her breasts. The blouse was tucked into a rather short skirt that clung to a nice pair of hips. Dark stockings covered her long legs.

Jessie's babysitter had fallen ill, so she had had to leave early. Audrey had volun-

HOT PHONE SEX

DIAL
0055
THEN THE NUMBER YOU WANT

22359 SUSIE & EMMA TOGETHER
22360 SUSIE'S COLLEGE DAYS
20559 SEX TALK
20579 XXX RATED
20560 MISTRESS
22366 YOUNG WIVES
22367 FILTH
22237 HOT NURSES
22235 SUSIE AT THE GYM
22236 WICKED WENDY
22238 DIRTY DIANNA
20564 CONFESSION LINE



teered to cover my appointment. "I hope you don't mind," she said, then smiled. I could only shake my head at my bad luck.

"Have a seat then;" she said, pointing to a chair in front of the basin. As I settled myself she walked over to the door and locked it. Then she pulled the curtains over the windows.

Once she had my hair wet, Audrey vigorously massaged shampoo into my scalp with her long fingers. Since my head was back and she was leaning over me I could watch her tits jiggle under her shirt. She took longer to wash my hair than Jessie did, but I didn't mind as I enjoyed watching her nipples getting stiff as they rubbed against her shirt.

Eventually Audrey led me to another chair and sat me down. She covered me with a large cape, but not before she glanced at the bulge in my pants. As she began to cut my hair, I watched her in the mirror. My cock got stiffer, and I was able to discreetly rub it under the cape.

As she cut, some hair fell into my ear. After apologising she gently touched my ear with one finger, then ran it along the edge. Next she blew softly into it. I have always loved this and my erection pushed to get out of my pants. She stopped though, and moved to the top of my head. In order to reach, she had to press her breasts against my shoulder. She had me so hard and horny I was just about to reach an arm out from under the cape when the phone rang.

"I'll be right back," she said and I watched in the mirror as her round arse walked away. While she was sitting on the counter scheduling the caller for an appointment, I freed my raging erection. I unzipped my pants and my boner popped out of my boxers. I couldn't see it but since it was standing at attention, I could feel it brushing against the underside of my cape.

When Audrey returned, her blouse was unbuttoned a few more buttons, revealing a black lace bra holding her ample cleavage. "Just have to get to the front," she said, putting one knee on to the chair between my legs. Her beautiful boobs were not a foot away as she clipped, so I pulled my arms out from under the cape and began to massage them.

"Mmmm," she said, and dropped the scissors and comb to the floor. She put her arms over my shoulders and grabbed the back of the chair. I undid the rest of her buttons, and since her bra hooked in the front, I undid that too. Her big, creamy breasts popped out and swung in front of my face. I held one in each hand as I licked her erect nipples in turn. Her breathing became deeper, and she let out a small moan.

I reached my right hand down to her stockinged thigh. I passed the top of her stocking and felt the garter holding it up. I kept going until I reached her soaking pussy — no panties! "Jessie told me you were good-looking. I wanted to be prepared if she was right," she explained, not batting an eye. I explored the hot, wet folds of her swollen pussy, sliding a fingertip into her cunt. I began to rub slowly while she moved her hips back and forth in rhythm.

Suddenly she backed away and said: "Now let's see what you've got." She lifted the cape, and there was my throbber standing up to greet her. She quickly leaned over and wrapped her velvety lips around my helmet. The cape fell over her, so all I could see was her round arse in the mirror. I could feel how much of my meat she was putting in her mouth, though she sucked slowly and began revolving her hips again. I pulled her skirt up so I could see her white rear and pink pussy in the glass. For the second time, I reached around and began to finger her clit.

Each of us moaned louder as she continued sucking and fondling my balls. I rubbed her pussy and kneaded her arse with my other hand. I was so hot that I couldn't hold out for long, but she was just as hot, moaning and gasping. I shot my come down her throat. She continued sucking me until I was dry.

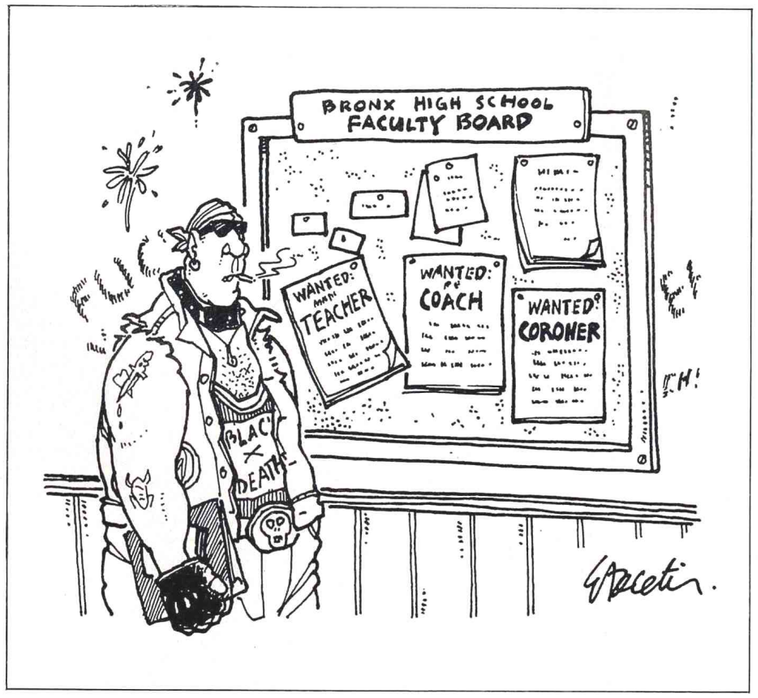
Audrey's head popped out from under the cape. She smiled, stepped back and took off all of her clothes — the undone shirt and bra, the skirt, even the garters and stockings. I did the same with my clothes but without getting out of the chair. Audrey then leaned back against the counter in front of the mirror while I dived into her boiling pussy. She was already close to the edge, and when my tongue found her clit and slowly began massaging it, she screamed and grabbed my hair, grinding herself against my face. She slid to the floor and squatted for a minute, hands pressed to her clit, while she recovered.

I slouched back into the chair and she put a knee on either side of me and lowered herself on to my still stiff member — the fit was perfect. At first she didn't move. Instead, I felt her vaginal muscles contracting around my hardness. We looked at each other for a minute as she squeezed me. Then she asked: "Ready, loverboy?" I nodded. "Then hold on!"

I grabbed her beautiful tits and she began moving up and down, faster and faster. My balls slapped against her arse each time it came down. Just when I thought we were both about to come again, she stopped and pulled herself off me. "What are you doing?" I asked astonished.

"It's show time," she responded and pulled me up. She turned around and placed her elbows on the low counter in front of the mirror. Then she spread her legs and presented her glistening pussy. I entered her from behind, pushing my cock in as deep as it would go. This time we both watched as we screwed each other to shuddering moaning orgasms.

Without dressing, Audrey picked up her scissors and comb again. "Hold still," she said, and finished cutting my hair. I told her not to bother about blow-drying it, so we went out to dinner instead. But not before I'd made another appointment, and she'd taken careful note of the date and time. — *Name and address withheld*



BLACK LABEL EDITION

forum

Hitting it off

I am a married woman of 27 years and if it is not too vain to say so, very attractive with a sexy figure. My husband is a consultant engineer and his job takes him all over Australia and sometimes overseas. Although I love sex and am highly motivated that way, I have always remained faithful to him, turning to masturbation and fantasies to gratify my body's needs while he's away.

Before Christmas I started work at an estate agency, not selling but doing some typing and general secretarial work. There are three people I am basically secretary to and one of them is a slightly older woman named Alison. She is an attractive blonde and struck me as a real bitch. She was also the most successful of the sales people.

One evening she asked me to stay back and help her with some work (she knew my husband was away again). We worked until eight. It was getting dark outside and she still had more to do. I made coffee and we sat in her office and drank it. It was the first time I had ever had a conversation with her. She asked me why I worked; with my husband's income I surely didn't need to. I said it relieved the boredom and gave me a feeling of independence as well. Alison said she could relate to that.

It wasn't until I stood up to remove the tray that Alison asked me if I ever played up. I said no, pondering the nerve of such a question. She made a comment that it was a shame to waste such a pretty arse and at the same time gave it a rather brisk pat. I was facing the desk beside her and when she did that I just froze; another spank landed on my arse and then another — this time she also grabbed my quivering flesh. I could not believe the incredible tingle that was going through my buttocks and focussing on my clit.

Alison was standing now. She slapped me again and I rocked forward, letting out a little moan. She kept spanking me and squeezing the soft flesh of my arse, muttering: "You like that, you bitch!" I just nodded. I had now given up trying to understand exactly why I did like it. I just succumbed to wave after wave of excitement passing through my clit.

Alison pushed me over her desk, lifted my skirt and lowered my panties. She continued to slap me but not as hard now. I felt her warm breath on my skin. She started to bite my bum all over, while at the same time her hand had worked its way to my clit, which she pinched gently and stroked. I was already close to coming, so I rubbed my clit, too. Alison's tongue began to work its way along me from the other end. She licked at my slit and pushed her hot tongue into me as far as she could. Then I felt the incredible sensation of her licking my anus! I have experienced anal sex and enjoy it, but I had never been licked on my arsehole before. It was great. All too soon I began to come. As I did, Alison kept licking my anus and spanking my bum and I had an absolutely incredible orgasm.

My climax lasted for ages as every time I began to subside, Alison's tongue and fingers would ignite me again. Eventually I did come down, though, and all of a sudden I started to feel very stupid. Here I was, lying across Alison's desk, my skirt up over my head, my pants down and my arse starting to feel cool with the air on the dampness of our play. Alison had sat back down and I gradually got myself together. I looked at her, trying to hide my embarrassment and she gave me a wry smile. I managed one back. She pulled over to her and kissed me, lightly at first but then hard and passionately. I found the sensation of kissing another woman so stimulating that I returned her affection with just as much fervor. Eventually she stopped and asked if I would come back to her place so she could "fuck the arse off me!"

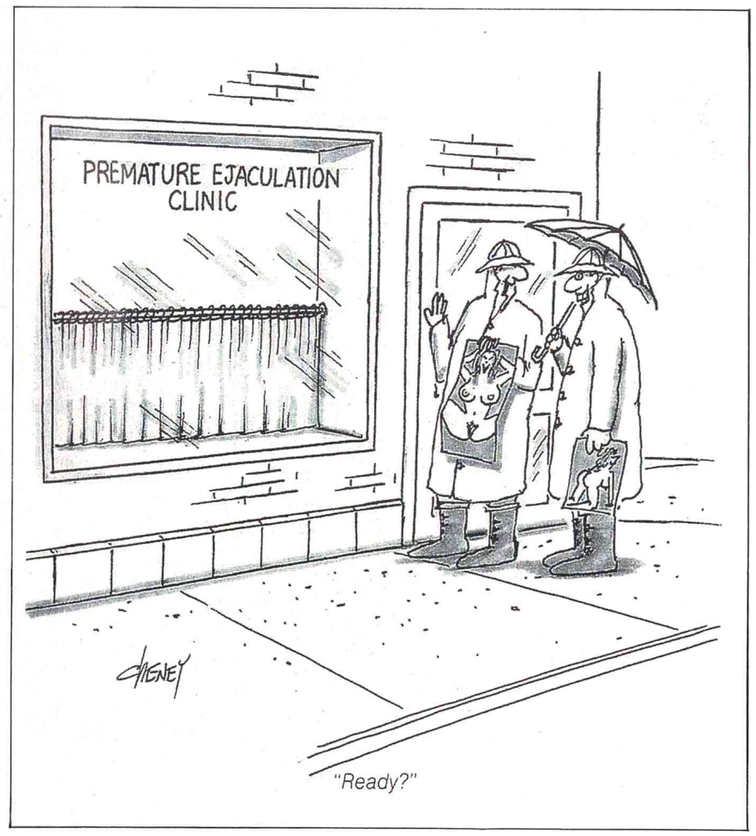
I followed her in my car and during those 15 minutes I had a massive struggle with myself. My head was saying "no" but with the taste of her kiss still on my lips and the dampness between my legs, my body screamed "yes." What followed was a night of pure bliss as Alison made love to me and I to her all night long. I enjoyed the giving as much as the receiving. I loved the way she whimpered and tossed about as I sucked her clit and the way she kept urging me, through her gritted teeth, to "fuck me, fuck me, you bitch."

I sleep with Alison regularly now and we have the odd play in her office. Being the only two women there, we have the toilet to ourselves as well! Alison is strictly lesbian. She has introduced me to a small circle of her friends and, unbeknown to her, I have even had sex with two of them in a threesome. But that is another story. — *Name and address withheld*

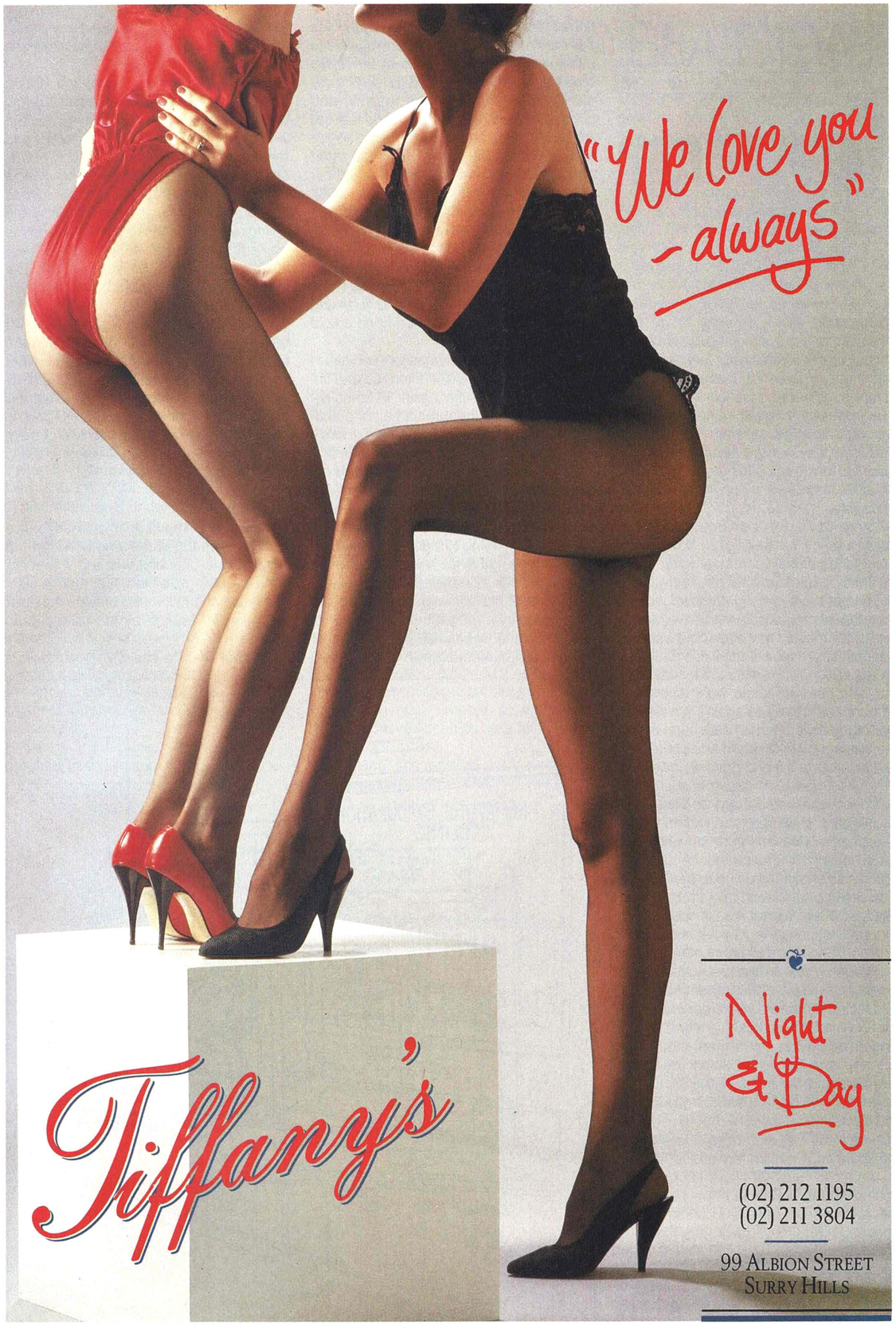
Love bath

My wife and I have been married for five wonderful years. There's no denying that Cynthia is a beautiful woman, with long, curvaceous legs, a high, firm arse, a slender waist, and full, round breasts that look even lovelier framed by her silky auburn hair.

Cynthia likes to show off her fabulous



"Ready?"



BLACK LABEL EDITION

forum

legs and tits by wearing clingy, low-cut tops and short skirts — especially when we're out with friends. The other night we were enjoying dinner at a little café with Tim and Lisa, a couple we've known almost as long as we've been married. At one point Lisa remarked on how radiant and smooth Cynthia's skin looked. Her husband readily agreed.

"What have you been using, Cindy?" Lisa asked.

My wife bit her lip and shot me a wicked grin. "Should we tell 'em, hon?"

"Maybe just a hint," I replied.

"Well," she began, "there's this little ritual George and I have performed once a week since our last anniversary. It's added a whole new dimension to our sex life. Why don't we all go over to our place and we'll show you?"

Their curiosity aroused, Tim and Lisa piled into our car. While I drove, Cynthia told them how the weekly "love bath" had started as our sexy anniversary gift to each other, but we loved it so much that we've been doing it ever since.

We led our friends upstairs to our large master bath with a picture window and a big, round sunken tub — like the ones in those honeymoon hotels. Tim and Lisa watched as Cynthia and I lit some incense and fragrant candles, which we put on the little wicker stand near the sink. Extracting some vials of scented bath oil from the cabinet, Cynthia leaned over and poured some of it into the warm, rushing water filling up the tub. I dimmed the lights, and then we all stood there inhaling the heady, sensual vapors that filled the room. The candles created a warm and inviting glow.

My wife and I started peeling each other's clothes off and throwing them on the towel racks. I motioned for our guests to do the same. They still weren't sure what to make of all this, but they stripped their clothes off and came a little closer to the tub. I noticed Tim's large dick was semi-erect from watching Cynthia's stunning, naked body descend into the warm, fragrant water. Cynthia smiled and motioned for Lisa to join her, and my eyes followed her tall, lithe figure, pert little arse and grapefruit-sized breasts as she slithered down into the tub a few feet from my wife.

Tim and I knelt on the edge of the tub, resting our half-hard schlongs on the warm, wet porcelain.

"Comfy, boys?" Cynthia teased, then she smiled and reached for the two heart-shaped bars of soap, handing one to Lisa. The two ladies started soaping each other up, sliding their hands over each other's breasts, thighs, and buttocks. Streams of thick suds rolled down their chests as their soap-slicked bodies glistened in the candlelight.

Cynthia propped herself up on the side of the tub opposite from us. She spread her legs wide, parting her plump, gleaming lips, then pumped her soapy fingers in and out of her delicate pink folds and cherry-red hole. Then Lisa bent over the other side, the water lapping just beneath her glowing pink tush, and parted her legs for Cynthia to wash her pussy from behind.

The sight of Cynthia's hands squishing and swirling the soap in and out of Lisa's cunt almost had me shooting my load. But that would have been against the rules.

After they rinsed each other off, Cynthia took a bottle of edible bath oil and told Lisa to watch. Smiling up at me, my wife squeezed a stream of lavender-colored oil on to my joystick, allowing some to dribble down to my balls. She held my cock at the base and sucked my swollen purple crown, flicking her tongue at the rim. Then she slid her velvet mouth down my entire shaft until her lips bumped my bush.

Massaging my swollen sac, she gripped my dick with her lips and pumped hard. Just as I was about to come, she pulled a few feet away. Ribbons of hot, creamy jism shot out of my dick and splattered in giant gobs all over Cynthia's body. I pointed my spasm-ridden cock upward so that the last spurts of cream shot up and landed on her beautiful chest.

Tim's and Lisa's eyes were glued to Cynthia as she scooped up my love potion and massaged it over every inch of her body. She paid special attention to her face, breasts, and arse cheeks.

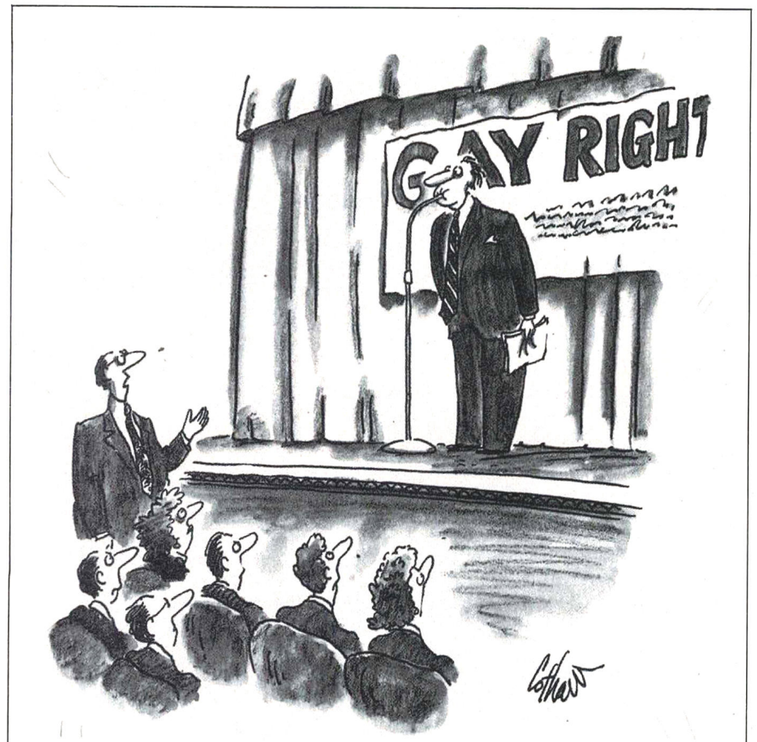
Cynthia leaned on her elbows against the side of the tub. "Go ahead, Lisa," she said, then pushed the floating bottle of oil toward her.

Lisa oiled up Tim's quivering cock. She slurped up and sucked, and within seconds she was covered with hot cock-cream, too. Tim was really loaded and some of his spunk splattered on the far side of the tub. Lisa simply idled over and licked up her husband's love cream like it was ice cream.

Later that evening Tim called to thank us for introducing them to our little ritual. "Jeez, George," he panted. "We had the hottest fuck of our lives when we got home."

"I know!" I answered from experience.

He also told me they're planning on remodelling their bathroom. — *Name and address withheld*



"You're too close to the microphone."

loose ends

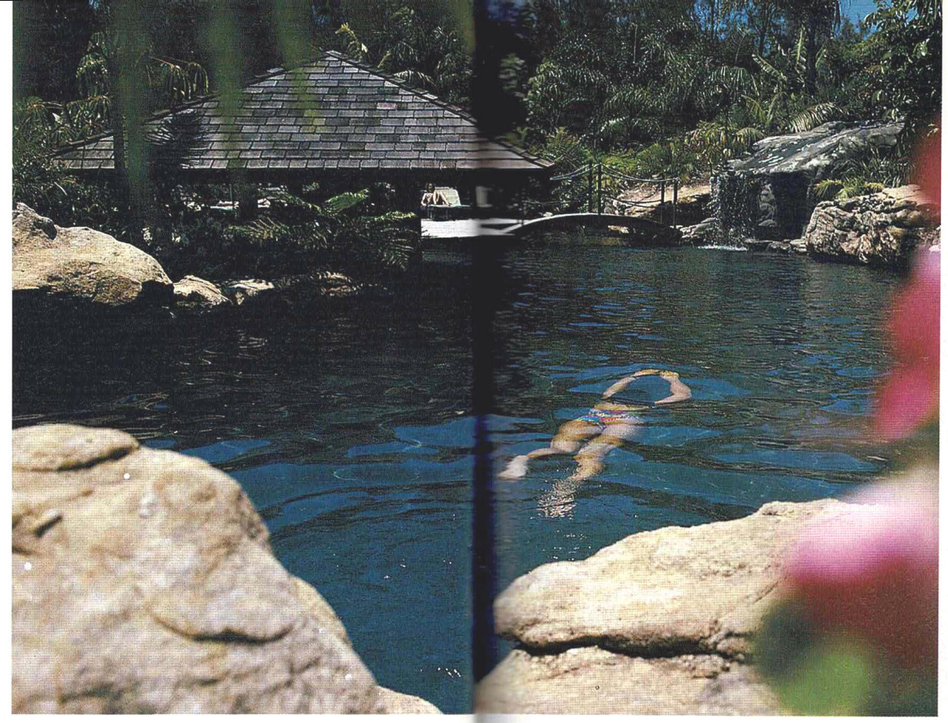
ARSE WITH CLASS

Australian-made Bummers are fast becoming the comfortable sports shorts design of choice for sailors, rowers, skate boarders, rollerbladers, grass skiers and lounge-around dudes. They're made of thick, pure cotton, triple stitched for superior strength, and feature huge side pockets. A reinforced panel of sailbag fabric across the backside keeps your bum dry and guarantees that the shorts won't wear out in a hurry. Optional high-density foam padding can be inserted into the back section to achieve maximum comfort for rowers and sailors. Bummers sell for a recommended $75 and are available in a brilliant range of color combinations and sized for men and women. The shorts are manufactured and distributed by Decked Out Nautical Gear, 90 Bayswater Rd, Rushcutters Bay, Sydney. Phone: (02) 360 9335.

THE WINNERS ARE . . .

The winners of the Revo Competition featured in the July edition of *Australian Penthouse* are: S Errington, Anula, NT; G White, Peregian, Qld; T Payne, Tweed Heads, NSW; G Hemmings, Armidale, NSW; S Dutton, Northgate East, Qld. Each winner receives a pair of Revo sunglasses.

Winners of the Mt Pleasant Competition, also in July *Australian Penthouse*, are: S Peel, Dampier, WA; M Smith, Jimboomba, Qld; N & D Engler, Darwin, NT; A Rose, Stephens, Qld; R Cornblus, New Farm, Qld; R Taube, Cairns, Qld; D Ward, Burleigh Heads, Qld; P Langford, Lockleys, SA; G Eather, Queenscliff, NSW; J & G Lake, Kelso, Qld. Winners receive a presentation-boxed magnum of Mt Pleasant Pinot Noir. Runners-up, who will receive a copy of the *Penguin Good Australian Wine Guide* by Mark Shield and Phillip Meyer, are: A Moon, Bendigo, Vic; K Herdegen, Fig Tree, NSW; S Brown, Nerang, Qld; C Birchall, East Melbourne, Vic; G Bradley, Cairns, Qld; P & L Stapleton, Surrey Hills, Vic; A Groves, Brunswick, Vic; W Wilson, Altona, Vic; L De Vaiurno, Berkeley Vale, NSW; A Leech, Kingscliffe, NSW.



BE SURPRISED

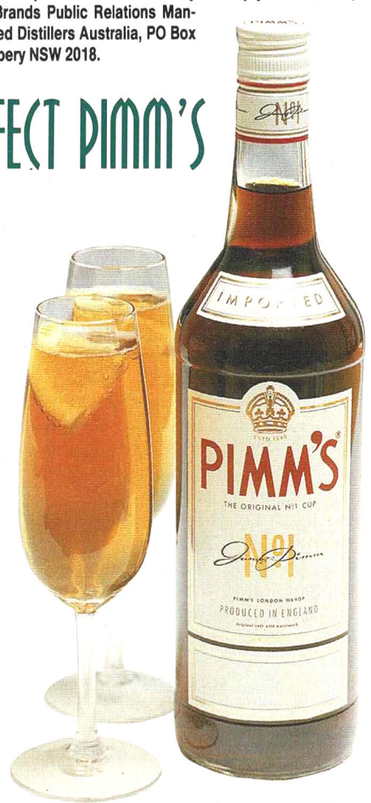
Aanuka Beach Resort in Coffs Harbour, NSW, is one of the great surprises of Australian tourism. World-class in its environmentally sympathetic design, unobtrusively tasteful inclusions and accent on intimacy, Aanuka is a blissful getaway that, once experienced, will spoil you forever. Sounds like exaggeration, but anyone who has journeyed to this small (48-bungalows) and discreetly designed hideaway and lazed by its award-winning pool or on its white beaches will appreciate the tendency to describe the place with superlatives. Apart from individually decorated suites, each with a spa, Aanuka boasts two a la carte restaurants, piano bar, two tennis courts, an indoor heated pool, gym and jacuzzi, and more. It is easily accessible from Sydney or Brisbane, and its reasonable rates add to its reputation as the destination *par excellence* for those seeking romance or relaxation. For more information and brochures, phone toll-free 008 028 919, or fax (066) 52 7053.

CLASSIC MAN

Da Vinci Uomo is a new fragrance for the man who likes to do things in style. In Da Vinci Uomo the dry wood notes from the classic Italian perfumes have been fine-tuned to create a new, modern fragrance with a classic feel. Available as an after-shave and an eau de toilette, Da Vinci Uomo is designed to complement the existing Da Vinci collection for men. The products, which are environmentally friendly and not tested on animals, are available in department stores and selected pharmacies.

PERFECT PIMM'S

Back in 1840 James Pimm was a successful restaurateur with a flourishing chain of oyster bars in the West End of London. Faced with the problem of what to serve to complement the taste of oysters, he discovered a blend of gin, herbs and fruit liqueurs which won the approval of his customers. He kept the secret to himself, and even today the ingredients of Pimm's No 1 remains a closely guarded secret. The drink has become known the world over, and it conjures up images of long, lazy summer evenings. Try Pimm's served with lemonade in a tall glass over ice and with a slice of lemon. For recipes of the different ways to enjoy Pimm's No1, write to: Brands Public Relations Manager, United Distillers Australia, PO Box 165, Rosebery NSW 2018.

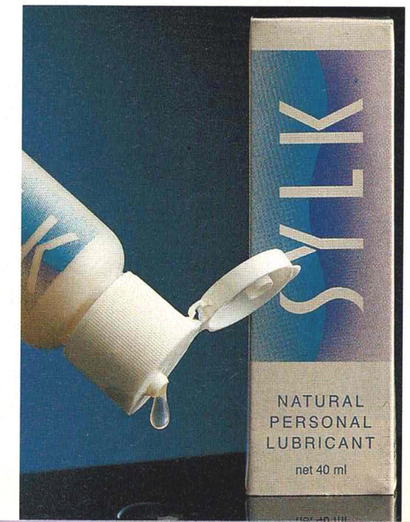


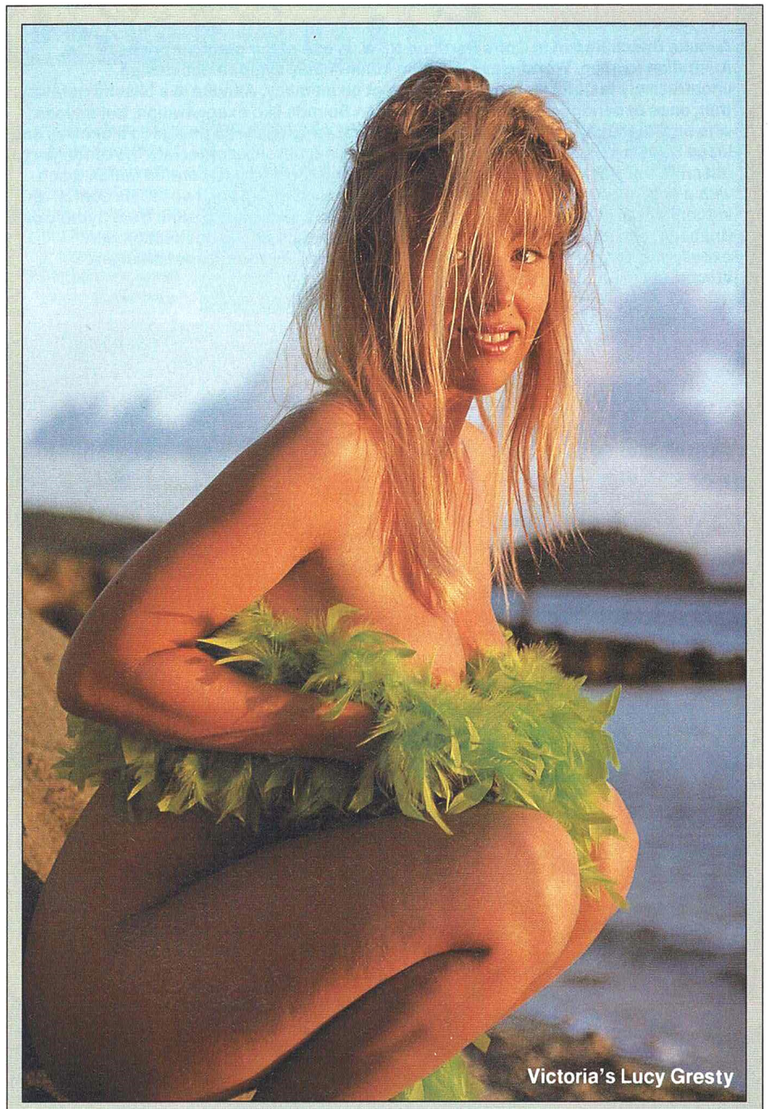
win with sega

The sleek Sega "Game Gear" is the world's first portable game console which also converts into a TV set. The LCD screen displays 32 colors, and an additional tuner locks into the console to convert it to a TV. It operates on six AA batteries and fits snugly into an executive briefcase. *Australian Penthouse* has one Sega Game Gear unit to be won, together with a "Super Monaco GP" game or a "Putter Golf" game. The whole prize is worth $270. To enter, answer the question that follows, specify which game you would prefer and post your entry to *Penthouse* Game Gear Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. How many colors are displayed on the Sega Game Gear's LCD screen?

SLIPPERY WHEN WET

Sylk is a natural personal lubricant based on extract of kiwifruit. It doesn't taste like kiwifruit, but as slippery stuff goes, Sylk comes as close as dammit to simulating normal body secretions essential for the complete enjoyment of sexual activity. The makers claim that it's not bad as a shave gel, too. Only one way to find out. It costs $7.95 for a 40ml bottle at most pharmacies.





Victoria's Lucy Gresty

INSIDE DECEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Dangerous Lives — Apart from the unlikely possibility of dying from boredom, most of us won't die at work. But there are a few whose jobs are definitely life-threatening: the fire-fighter, the crane dogman, the stuntwoman and the lion tamer. Meet them in next month's *Australian Penthouse* and find out why they choose these dangerous professions.

Action Men — Film critics jostle to scorn them but they're laughing all the way to the bank. They're the heavily-muscled B-grade actors who play the role of the guy who just ain't gonna take no shit. December *Penthouse* reviews the dubious acting talents of the stars of the video scene — Norris, Seagal, Lundgren and Van Damme: men for whom movie-making is no talk and all action.

The Great Disc Debate — The Australian recording industry is in a state of crisis. Worth more than $500 million annually, it's currently racked with conflict over copyright piracy and accusations of over-pricing. In December *Penthouse* Glenn A. Baker paints a grim picture for the future of the Australian music scene.

Pet Of The Month — Lucy Gresty was born in the UK and travelled the world as a child. Now she's settled in Melbourne — she likes the friendly atmosphere and she even likes the weather. Meet Melbourne's sexiest siren in next month's edition of *Australian Penthouse*.

solo man

Continued from page 69

of them, because the riders can't be training as hard as the coaches want them to and studying at the same time. So they're stuffed. They pull these kids out, they hammer the shit out of them. One of them cracks, blows up, he gets the arse, they get a new kid in. Where's the old kid left? He's stuffed."

Vinnicombe's powerful sexual drive is also another reason why he opposed the Australian coach's approach to cycling. He claims: "Charlie says, 'Right, you boys, get into bed, no fucking,' none of this, none of that. They say, 'Yes Charlie, okay, we'll go to bed,' but a 24 or 25-year-old bloke wants to go and get himself a fuck . . . and he'll be fine tomorrow. Charlie doesn't like that."

Brett Dutton, the team's pursuit gold medallist at the 1986 Edinburgh Commonwealth Games, returned a positive result for an anabolic steroid test taken after a cycling meet in Holland on July 18 last year. Vinnicombe says: "Dutton is one of the strongest team pursuiters we've ever had in Australia. But his problem was Charlie. When someone gets old enough to be able to think for themselves, like Brett, Charlie doesn't like that . . . you get a guy 24 or 25 years old, you can't tell him what to do, you know; he has his own life, and he knows how to train and he fits in but he might want to go out and get a fuck."

Dutton consistently denied that he had used steroids. The laboratory employed for the testing (Utrecht) had been deaccredited. Vinnicombe confirmed rumors that Dutton had used a caffeine suppository prior to the event and that, when required for testing, arranged for a urine substitution with another competitor, a non-Australian. The allegation was that the other competitor's urine tested positive for steroids. "It was a stuff-up," says Vinnicombe. "They busted Brett and suspended him, but while he may have taken amphetamines, it was another guy's urine that had the steroid in it."

However, Dutton says: "The whole testing procedure was suspect. I've heard the rumors of urine substitution but it was my stuff that went into the bottle. I was definitely not on steroids or caffeine or anything. I was advised to accept the suspension but I missed the best races of the year." Of Vinnicombe's suspension, Dutton says: "It will knock Australian cycling about because he is our best drawcard. He is not a lone ranger in this sport when it comes to drugs."

Vinnicombe's final message to Australia's amateur cyclists — to whom is now left the responsibility of winning the gold medal he craved — is chilling. "Watch out, boys," he warns.

Inside Sport

AUSTRALIA'S SPORTING MAGAZINE

*$4.95

SPECIAL FIRST ISSUE

10 worst performances of 1991

CRICKET CAPERS getting done in the windies

doohan! the horizontal champ

rugby : why we'll win it

surf wars : havoc in hawaii

adventure: rock apes and weekend rambos

FIRST ISSUE ON SALE NOW!

Percussion by Arthur 'B' Monk

Gilbey's by choice.